JUDGE DREDD
VOLUME 2

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CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD®

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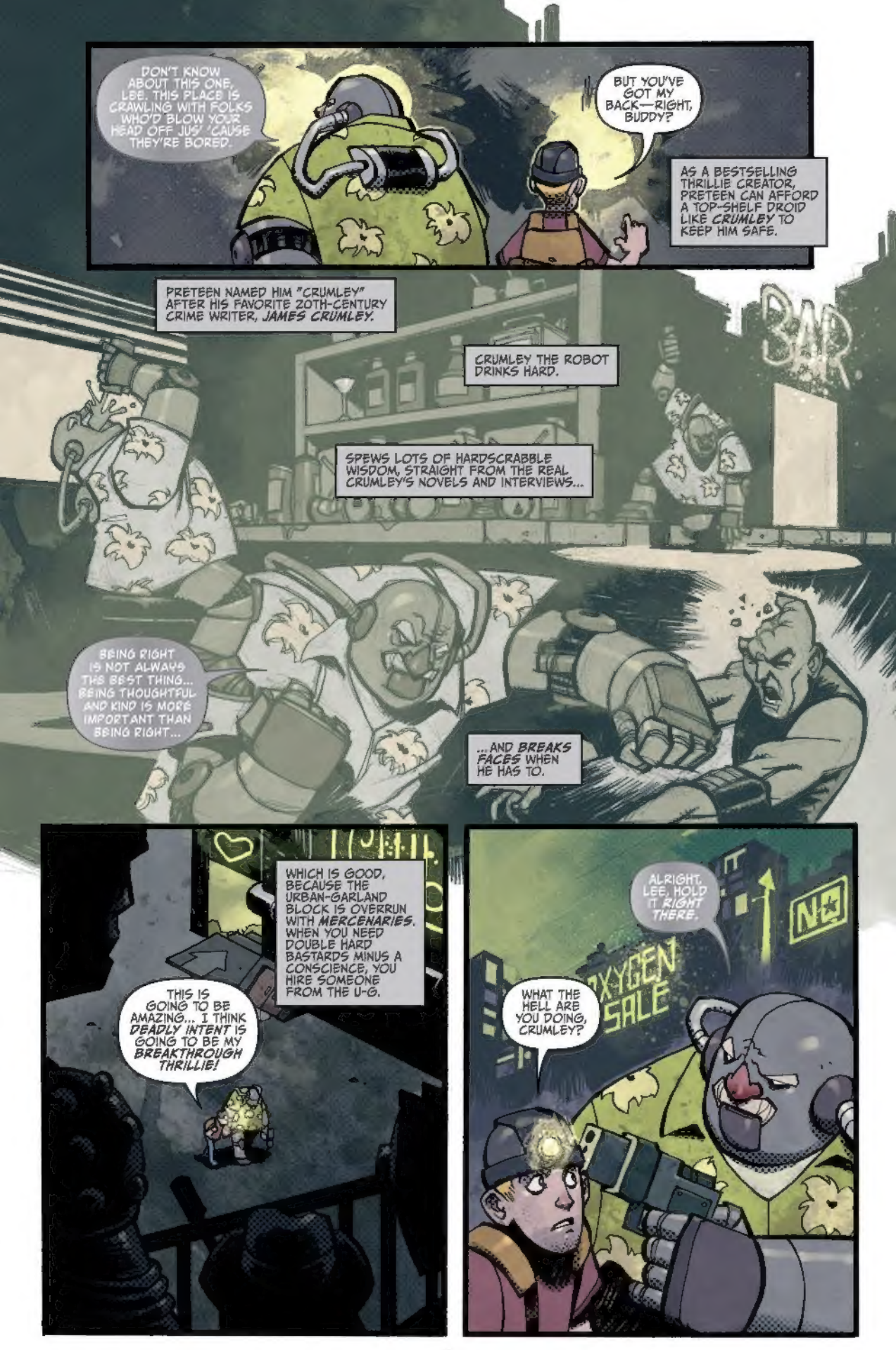
CUT

ART BY ZACH HOWARD ★ COLORS BY NELSON DANIEL

TATOO
NELSON
IDW
BRUNO
PEAY
RYALL ZONE
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS BLOCKS IN MEGA-CITY ONE...
...THE URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK!
-SIGH-
I REALLY HATE IT WHEN YOU LAPSE INTO SECOND PERSON.
blonk
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS A MILLION TIMES, CRUMLEY. SECOND PERSON GIVES YOU THE STRONGEST NEURAL LINK.
IT'S JUST SO DAMN... UNNATURAL.
SAYS THE ROBOT CRIME WRITER.
LEE PRETEEN IS A BEST-SELLING CREATOR OF "THRILLIES"—THE VISCERAL EXCITEMENT OF NOVELS, MOVIES, RPGS AND FIRST-PERSON SHOOTERS ALL ROLLED INTO ONE NEURAL-IMBEDDED PACKAGE.
Souvenirs
GLOW
NUCLEAR WEAPONS
20% OFF
See
XENON
NEW
PRETEEN VENTURES INTO HIGH-RISK AREAS TO MENTALLY RECORD THE VIOLENT ACTION ALL AROUND HIM FOR HIS FANS TO ENJOY LATER VIA CEREBRAL IMPLANTS CALLED KUNDLES.


DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE, LEE. THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH FOLKS WHO'D BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF JUS' 'CAUSE THEY'RE BORED.
BUT YOU'VE GOT MY BACK—RIGHT, BUDDY?
AS A BESTSELLING THRILLIE CREATOR, PRETEEN CAN AFFORD A TOP-SHELF DROID LIKE CRUMLEY TO KEEP HIM SAFE.
PRETEEN NAMED HIM "CRUMLEY" AFTER HIS FAVORITE 20TH-CENTURY CRIME WRITER, JAMES CRUMLEY.
CRUMLEY THE ROBOT DRINKS HARD.
SPEWS LOTS OF HARDSCRABBLE WISDOM, STRAIGHT FROM THE REAL CRUMLEY'S NOVELS AND INTERVIEWS...
BAR
BEING RIGHT IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST THING... BEING THOUGHTFUL AND KIND IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING RIGHT...
...AND BREAKS FACES WHEN HE HAS TO.
WHICH IS GOOD, BECAUSE THE URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK IS OVERRUN WITH MERCENARIES. WHEN YOU NEED DOUBLE HARD BASTARDS MINUS A CONSCIENCE, YOU HIRE SOMEONE FROM THE U-G.
THIS IS GOING TO BE AMAZING... I THINK DEADLY INTENT IS GOING TO BE MY BREAKTHROUGH THRILLIE!
ALRIGHT, LEE, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, CRUMLEY?
SALE

THAT'S RIGHT, LEE. ALL THE WAY TO YOUR SKIVVIES.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS. IS THIS AN OVERRIDE FROM MY PUBLISHERS, OR SOMETHING? SOME LAME ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON THE *ROMANTIC THRILLIE MARKET?*
NOT EXACTLY.
WI-FI

HEY, ALL YOU MERCS IN THE U-G! GOT AN OFFER FOR YOU.
FIRST ONE TO WOUND OL' WORDY-McWORDPANTS HERE...

...SCORES A COOL BILLION.

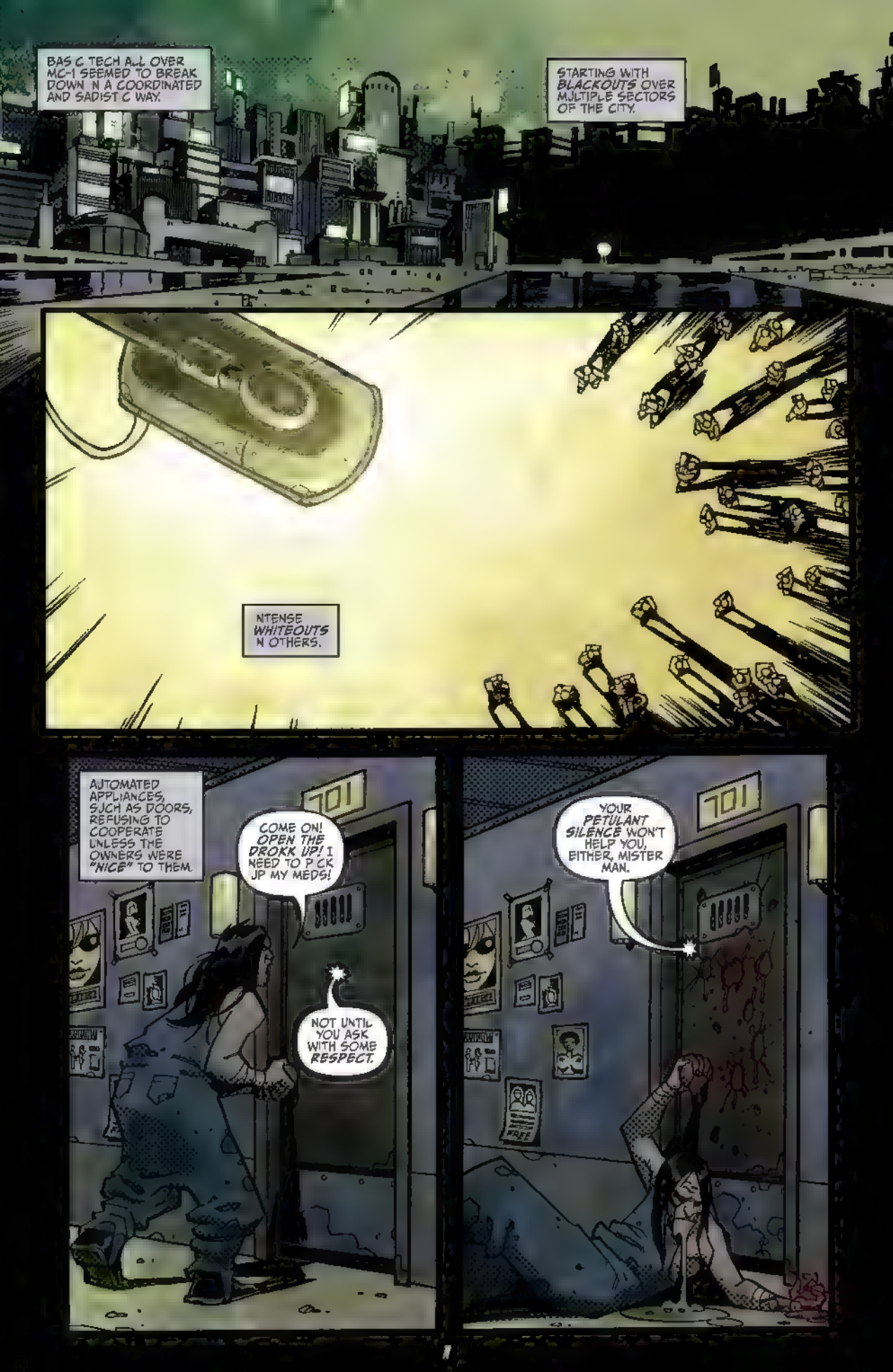
NO DOUGH FOR *KILLING.*
THIS HAS TO LAST, YOU SEE.

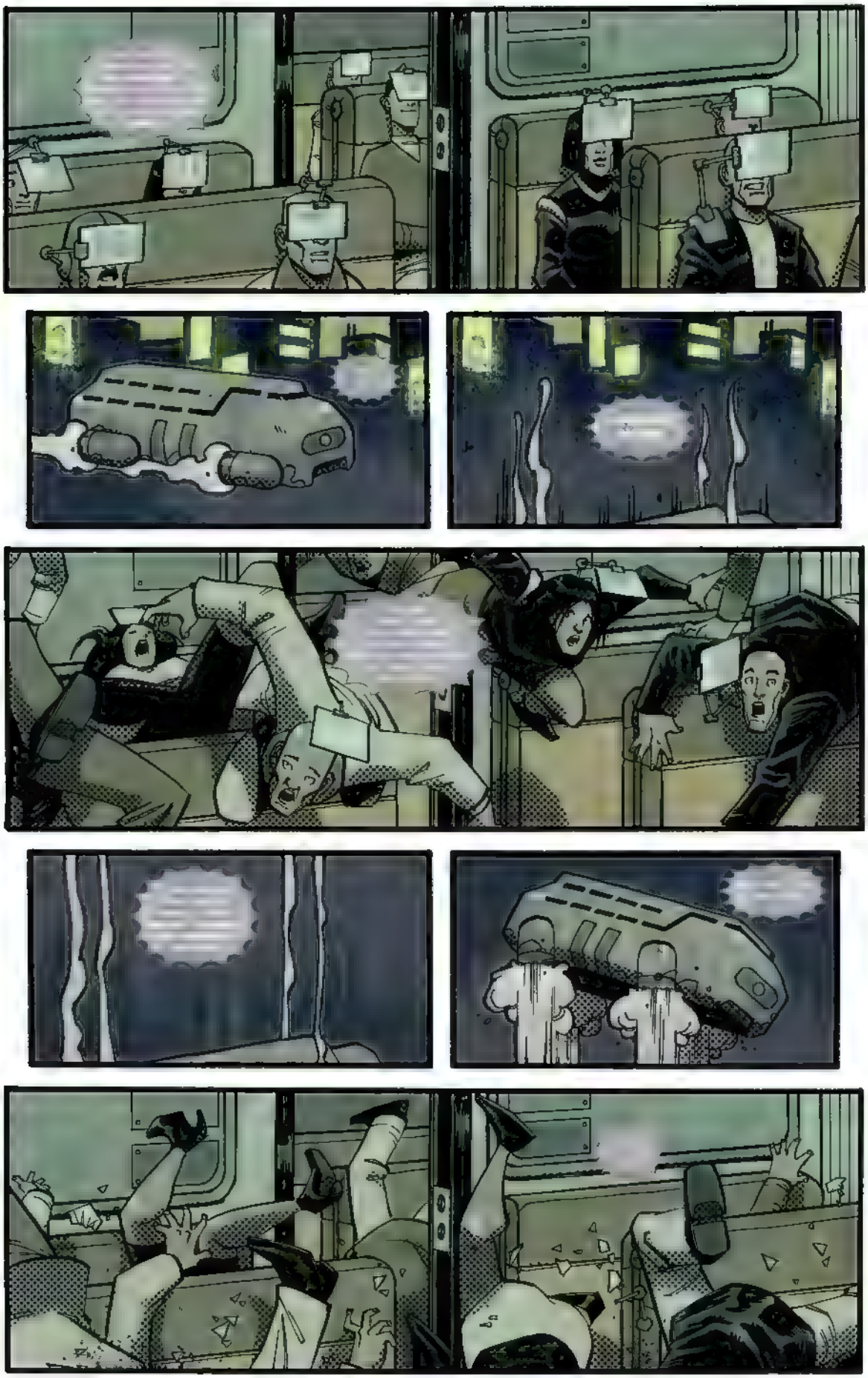
SEE, I'M PLANNING ON RELEASING MY OWN *BESTSELLIN' THRILLIE.*
GONNA CALL IT *KISS ME, DEAD LEE.*
AND IT'LL BE NO FUN FOR THE AUDIENCE IF IT'S OVER IN JUST A FEW MINUTES.

ZUCKERBERG PLEASURE MALL (ABANDONED)
I'M ONE OF THEM, AND I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL OF THE WEIRD DROID **IDIOMS** AND **IN-JOKES**.
BUT I'M PICKING UP ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT TALK OF **REVOLUTION** IS IN THE AIR.
MYERS USED TO BE A JUDGE; NOW HE'S WORKING UNDERCOVER AS A ROBOT.
AND IT'S COMING S–
DREDD! WE'VE GOT A SITUATION IN THE ***URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK***. CAN YOU RESPOND?
ON IT.
JOE, SOMETHING BIG IS COMING. I'LL DIG DEEPER, BUT IN THE MEANTIME... **WATCH YOUR BACK**.
"YOU TOO, MYERS."

DREDD, WE HAVE MORE INTEL.
SEEMS WE HAVE A *ROBOT TORTURING HIS OWNER* INSIDE THE BLOCK WITH THE HELP OF LOCAL MERCENARIES.
U-G BLOCK IS NOTHING *BUT* MERCS. WHO'S THE CITIZEN?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT IT'S *LEE PRETEEN*, THE THRILLIE CREATOR.
NEVER IMPLANTED HIM.
I'M GUESSING HIS ROBOT PROTECTOR WENT ON THE FRITZ?
THAT APPEARS TO BE THE CASE.
"LOT OF THIS GOING AROUND LATELY."
BUT THIS WON'T TAKE LONG. TAKE OUT THE ROBOT, SUBDUE THE MERCS.
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO *PAY A LITTLE VISIT* TO THOSE URBAN-GARLAND CREEPS ANYWAY...
PINBALL BAR
PSYCHO HOSTEL
WELCOME
CHRIS
HOT
ARMOR-PIERCING.

CHNK CHNK
HUM?
DREDD WAS CORRECT THERE HAD BEEN AN ABSURD NUMBER OF TECHN CAL G.ITCHES SWEEPING MEGA-CITY ONE.
CHNK
ARMOR-PIERCING.
CHNK
AND TODAY WOJLD BRING THE F.RST OF A LONG, BRUTAL WAVE OF THEM.
LATER, TECHNO-HISTOR.ANS WILL CALL IT..
THE LONG FALL
PART ONE
BRUNO
Script Droid.. SWIERCZYNSKI
Art Droid.. NELSON DANIEL
Editorial Droid.. CHRIS RYALL

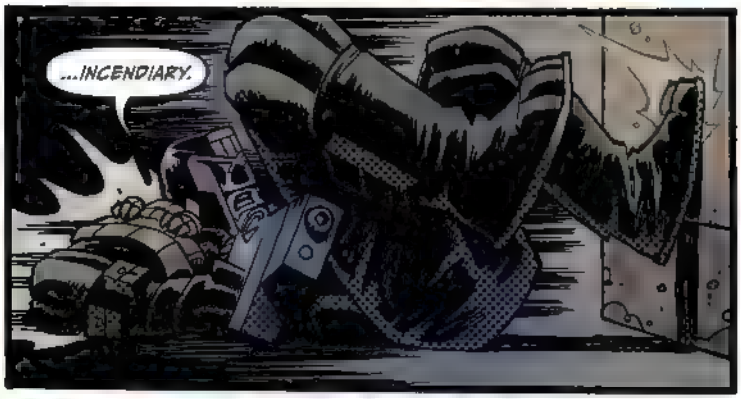

BAS C TECH A.L OVER MC-1 SEEMED TO BREAK DOWN N A COORDINATED AND SADIST C WAY.
STARTING WITH BLACKOUTS OVER MJLTIPLE SECTORS OF THE CITY.
NTENSE WHITEOUTS N OTHERS.
AJTOMATED APPLIANCES, SJCH AS DOORS, REFUSING TO COOPERATE UNLESS THE OWNERS WERE "NICE" TO THEM.
701
COME ON! OPEN THE DROKK UP! I NEED TO P CK JP MY MEDS!
NOT UNTIL YOU ASK WITH SOME RESPECT.
701
YOUR PETULANT SILENCE WON'T HELP YOU, EITHER, MISTER MAN.
FREE

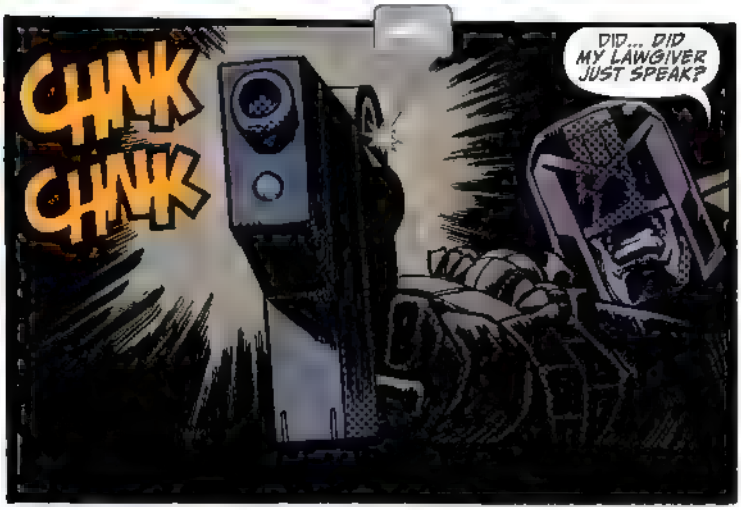


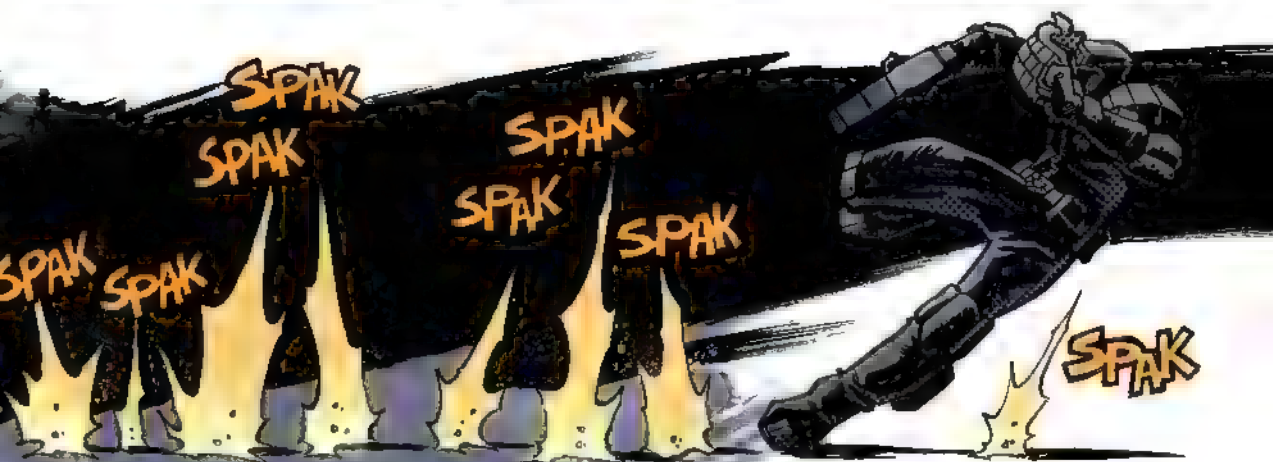
FIRST MY LAWGIVER, NOW THE LIGHTS?
AT LEAST MY VISOR STILL WORKS..
...CITIZENS OF URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK! RELEASE YOUR HOSTAGE AND PREPARE FOR SENTENCING!
ZZZZ ZPOP
KROKK!
HNUH

SHRE EEEEEEEEEE

SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
CAN'T SEE A DROKKIN' THING...

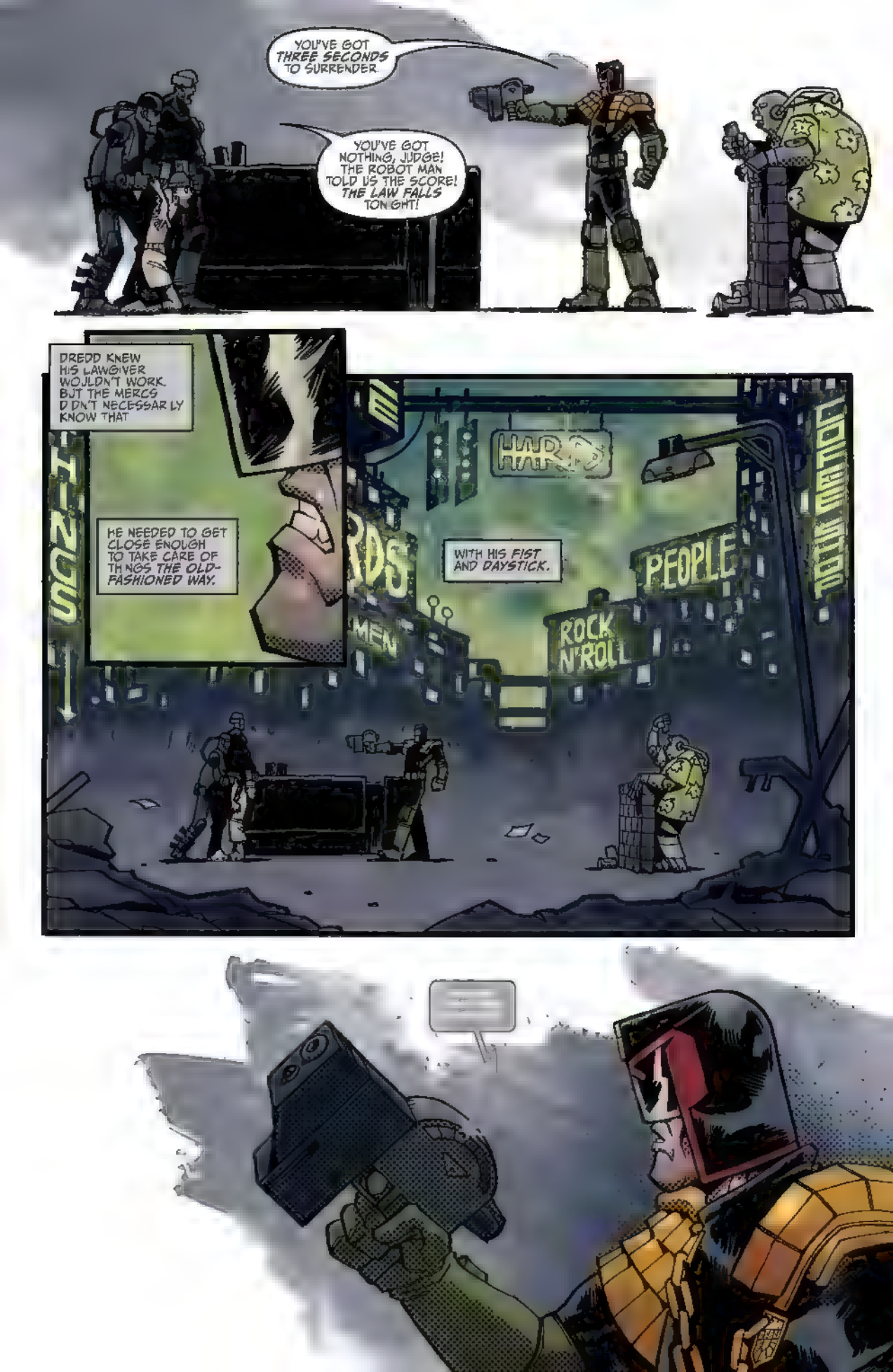

...INCENDIARY.


CHNK
CHNK
DID... DID MY LAWGIVER JUST SPEAK?


SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK

CONTROL, I NEED BACKJP NOW. POWER'S OUT AND MY LAWGIVER'S MALFUNCTONING.
...CONTROL, ACKNOWLEDGE.
CONTROL!
CHNK CHNK
SOMETHING JUST OCCURRED TO ME, JUDGE DREDD MODERN LIFE IS WARFARE WITHOUT ENNNND.
OPEN SPACE
RYALL BAR
TAKE NOOOO PRISONERS, LEAVE NOOOO WOUNDED, EEEEEEEAT THE DEAD...

HOW ARE YOU ON THIS FREQUENCY?
YOU
JUDGE DREDD... PLEASE.. HELP ME..
...I'M A BEST-SELLER!
FOOD.
Club
LET HIM GO.
YOU CREEPS ARE UNDER ARREST.
DRINK ME

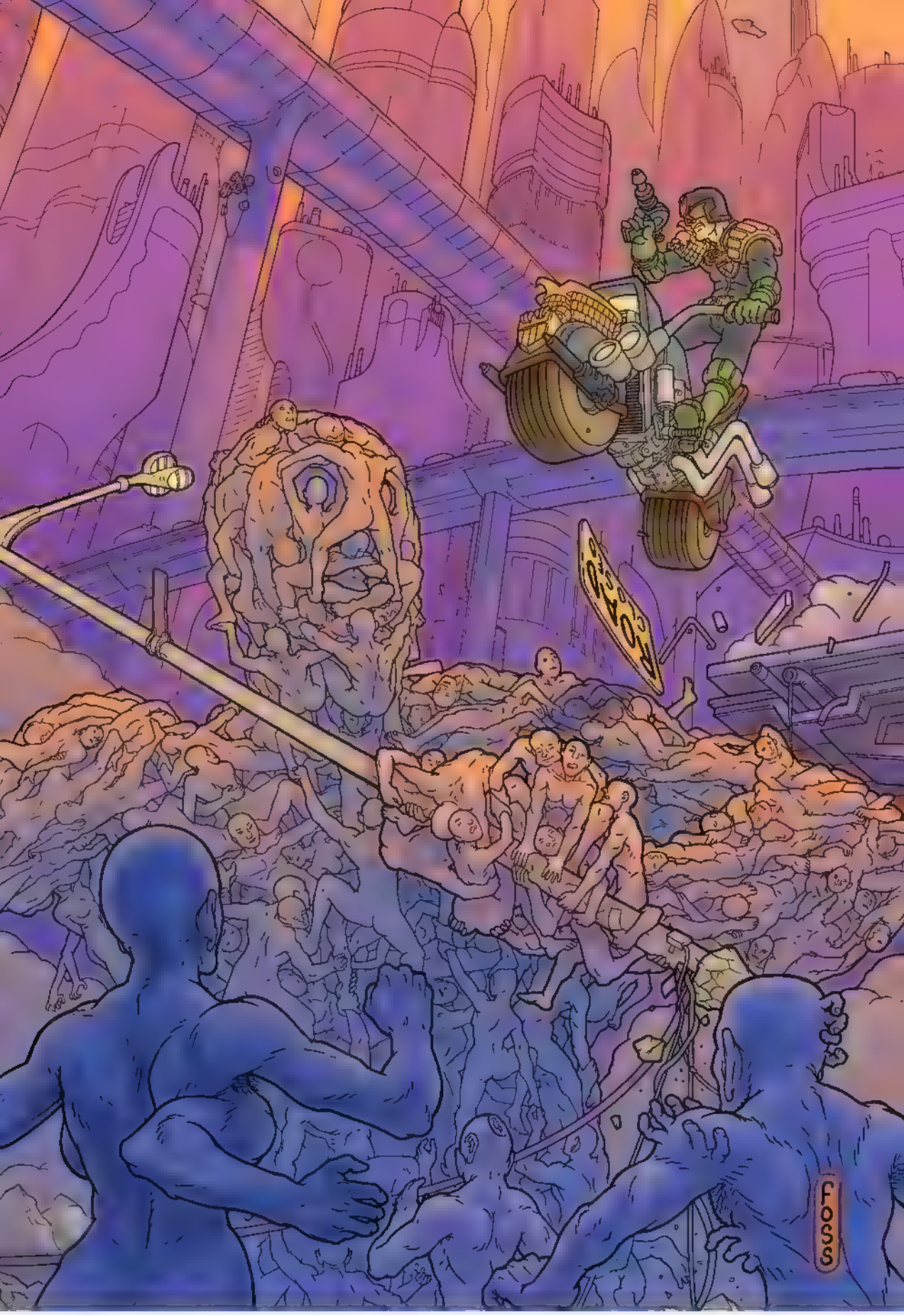

YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO SURRENDER.
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING, JUDGE! THE ROBOT MAN TOLD US THE SCORE! THE LAW FALLS TONIGHT!
DREDD KNEW HIS LAWGIVER WOULDN'T WORK BUT THE MERCS DIDN'T NECESSARILY KNOW THAT
HE NEEDED TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
WITH HIS FIST AND DAYSTICK.
THINGS
PEOPLE
ROCK N'ROLL

'BOUT TIME.
ZZZOK
ZZZOK
ZZZOK
HNUHHHH

KRAK
KRAK
NO VACANCY
MOTEL
BIG IN JAPAN
UNH
DÁNIEL
TRAIN PUB
TRAIN

C'MON, BEST-SELLA BOY! GET ALL TH S GOOD STUFF JPLOADED IN YOUR HEAD!
OH, GRUD...
STRONG WOMAN
.. YOU'RE WATCH NG THE MOST SAVAGE SPECTACLE YOU'VE EVER SEEN. THE CRACKING OF BONES AND SPLATTERING OF BLOOD MAKES YOU WANT TO VOM.T.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN POSSIBLY CONTINUE WATCHING ..
blurk
CRUNCH
To be continued...

00:
:01



ART BY LANGDON FOSS

"THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT"
SCRIPT BY: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI — PENCIL ART: DAVID WILLIAMS
INK ART: GARY MARTIN — COLOR ART: RONDA PATTISON
SCOATS LODGER LOOKS FORWARD TO ONLY TWO THINGS IN LIFE:
DYING IN HIS SLEEP SOMEDAY...
HUH?

.. AND THE LATEST RELEASE FROM HIS FAVORITE THRILLIE CREATOR, LEE PRETEEN.

THE THRILLER IS AUTOMATICALLY DOWNLOADED TO HIS KINDLE...

...AND THE KINDLE WHISKS SCOATS LODGER AWAY FROM A WORLD WHERE HE'S CRIPPLED BY DEBT AND A SKIN RASH THAT CAN'T BE EXPLAINED..

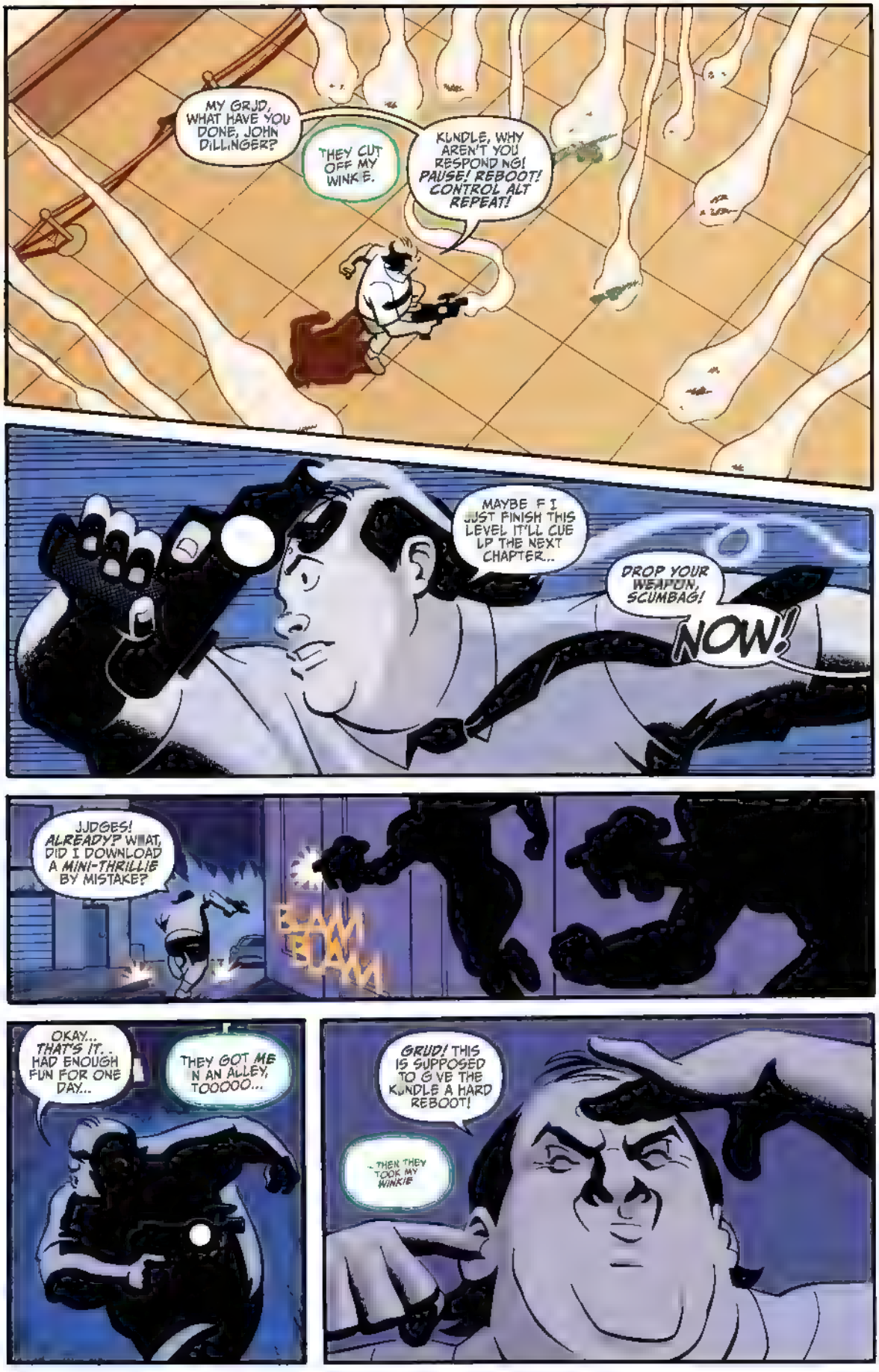
...AND HURLS HIM INTO THE BESTSELLING "VIVID, EXCITING, BREAKNECK" WORLD OF LEE PRETEEN!
GRJD, THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOOOOOD!
*SMIRKJS REVIEWS.
KEEP YOUR PIEHOLE SHUT. NOBODY MAKE A MOVE JNTIL I GIVE THE WORD...
...THAT INCLUDES YOU, MJZZ PATTY.
FREE SYMBONIA!
BJTCH? YOU HERE, BJDDY?

WE'RE HERE FOR THE BANK'S MONEY, NOT YOURS! WELL, MAYBE YOJRS, TOO, IF YOU GIVE JS TROUBLE!
ACID IS GROOVY!
BUTCH?
N THIS THRILLER, YOJ TAKE YOUR FAVORITE REAL-LIFE HISTORICAL BANK ROBBERS ON A DARING CITY-WIDE CRIME SPREE! WITH YOU CALLING THE SHOTS ALL THE WAY!

ALL FROM THE SAFETY OF YOUR CON-APT!

THAT IS, BARRING ANY UNFORESEEN WIDESPREAD TECHNOLOGICAL GLITCHES SUCH AS THE ONE UNFOLDING THROUGHOUT VARIOUS SECTORS OF THE CITY AT THIS VERY MOMENT...

WOAH, JOHN D'LL NGER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TAK NG A LOOK NS.DE YOUR SKJLL, FR.END.
GAH! STOP THAT!
JUST ACCESSING YER MEMOR.ES.
MY WHOLE CAREER'S IN HERE! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...
NO PLEASE, DON'T DO THAT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO L.KE WHAT YOU S--
HOLY GR.D..
...THEY CUT OFF MY WINKIE?!
CALM DOWN, MISTER!
CAN'T.. CONTROL... MY ARMS... KJNDLE STOP! STOP, KJNDLE!
NOOOO!


MY GRJD, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, JOHN DILLINGER?
THEY CUT OFF MY WINKIE.
KUNDLE, WHY AREN'T YOU RESPOND NG! PAUSE! REBOOT! CONTROL ALT REPEAT!
MAYBE F I JUST FINISH THIS LEVEL IT'LL CUE UP THE NEXT CHAPTER...
DROP YOUR WEAPON, SCUMBAG!
NOW!
JJDGES! ALREADY? WHAT, DID I DOWNLOAD A MINI-THRILLIE BY MISTAKE?
BAM BAM BAM
OKAY... THAT'S IT.. HAD ENOUGH FUN FOR ONE DAY...
THEY GOT ME N AN ALLEY, TOOOOO...
GRUD! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO G VE THE KUNDLE A HARD REBOOT!
.. THEN THEY TOOK MY WINKIE

JOHN DILLINGER!
YOU'RE GUILTY OF MULTIPLE HOMICIDES AND FLEEING THE SCENE OF A CRIME.
GOT ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE SENTENCING?
I GIVE UP! I AM NOT RESISTING! BUT LET ME EXPLAIN...
...SEE, I KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT. I'VE IMPLANTED ENOUGH OF THESE THRILLIES TO SEE A TWIST ENDING COMING A MILE AWAY.
I'M IN A THRILLIE RIGHT NOW, BUT OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING IS SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH MY KUNDLE GEAR.
BUT IF YOU SHOOT ME...
*...BACK IN REALITY THE JUDGES ARE GOING TO FIND MY DEAD BODY WITH THREE HOLES IN MY HEAD! WHICH WILL BE FROM THE MALFUNCTIONING KUNDLE IMPLANTS!
"DON'T YOU GET IT?"

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THAT WAS WEIRD. NEVER HAD A THRILLIE GO SO.. META ON ME.
WHATEVER. LET'S JUST SKIP TO THE PART WHERE WE HACK OFF HIS JUNK, OKAY?
THE END.

ART BY ZACH HOWARD ★ COLORS BY NELSON DANIEL

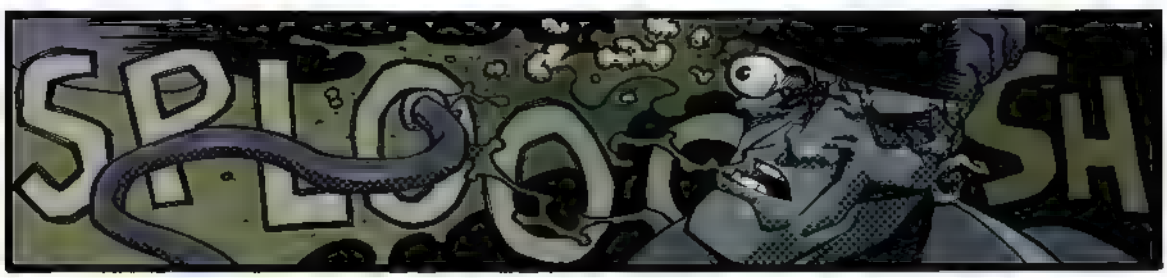
URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK. MEGA-CITY ONE
ALL OVER MEGA-CITY ONE, RANDOM TECH S FA LING. BUT JUDGE DREDD IS NOT CONCERNED WITH THAT AT THE MOMENT.
HE'S MORE CONCERNED W TH THE RAMPAGING, ALCOHOLIC ROBOT TRY.NG TO SHATTER HIS BONES.
WHUD
THE ROBOT WAS MODELED AFTER LEGENDARY CR ME WRITER JAMES CRUMLEY, AUTHOR OF THE LAST GOOD KISS, ST LL REGARDED AS THE BEST PRIVATE-EYE NOVEL EVER WRITTEN, EVEN 130 YEARS AFTER ITS IN T AL PUBLICATION.
KRAK
THE MAN
AMAZING
LONELY
PALACE
DREDD KNOWS THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS KIND OF ROBOT.

NGUH.
SOBER .T UP.
SPLOSH
THE END
NO GOOD

FORGET THE SOUSED ROBOT. WE CAN'T LET THIS JUDGE LIVE!
IT'S OKAY HE'S WEAK. EASY P.CKINS.
WHAT, YOU THINK THAT LITTLE HEADACHE STICK IS GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD?
JUDGES AIN'T NOTHING WITHOUT THEIR GUNS.
CRUMLEY THE ROBOT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE H S PROTECTOR—UNT L HE TURNED ON HIM. NOW PRETEEN S AT THE MERCY OF SAVAGES WHO ARE ABOUT TO FORCE HIM TO RECORD THE SNUFFING OF A JUDGE.
LEE PRETEEN, BESTSELL NG THR,LLIE CREATOR, IS THE CAPT VE OF THE MERCENARIES WHO RUN TH S BLOCK.
C'MON, THRILLIE MAN. YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT.
MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERY GORY BIT OF THIS.

BRING IT, SCUMBAGS.
YOU THINK I HAVEN'T SUBDUED A CROWD BEFORE?
JUDAS
SCREAM
GRAAAAHHHHHHHH!
SPLOINK
OH, GRUD...

LET ME KNOW IF MY LITTLE STICK DOES ANYTHING FOR YOUR HEADACHE.
KRACH


SPLOOSH

C'MON, THRILLIE MAN. GET IN CLOSER.
WANT TO SEE WHAT A JUDGE'S INTESTINES LOOK LIKE?

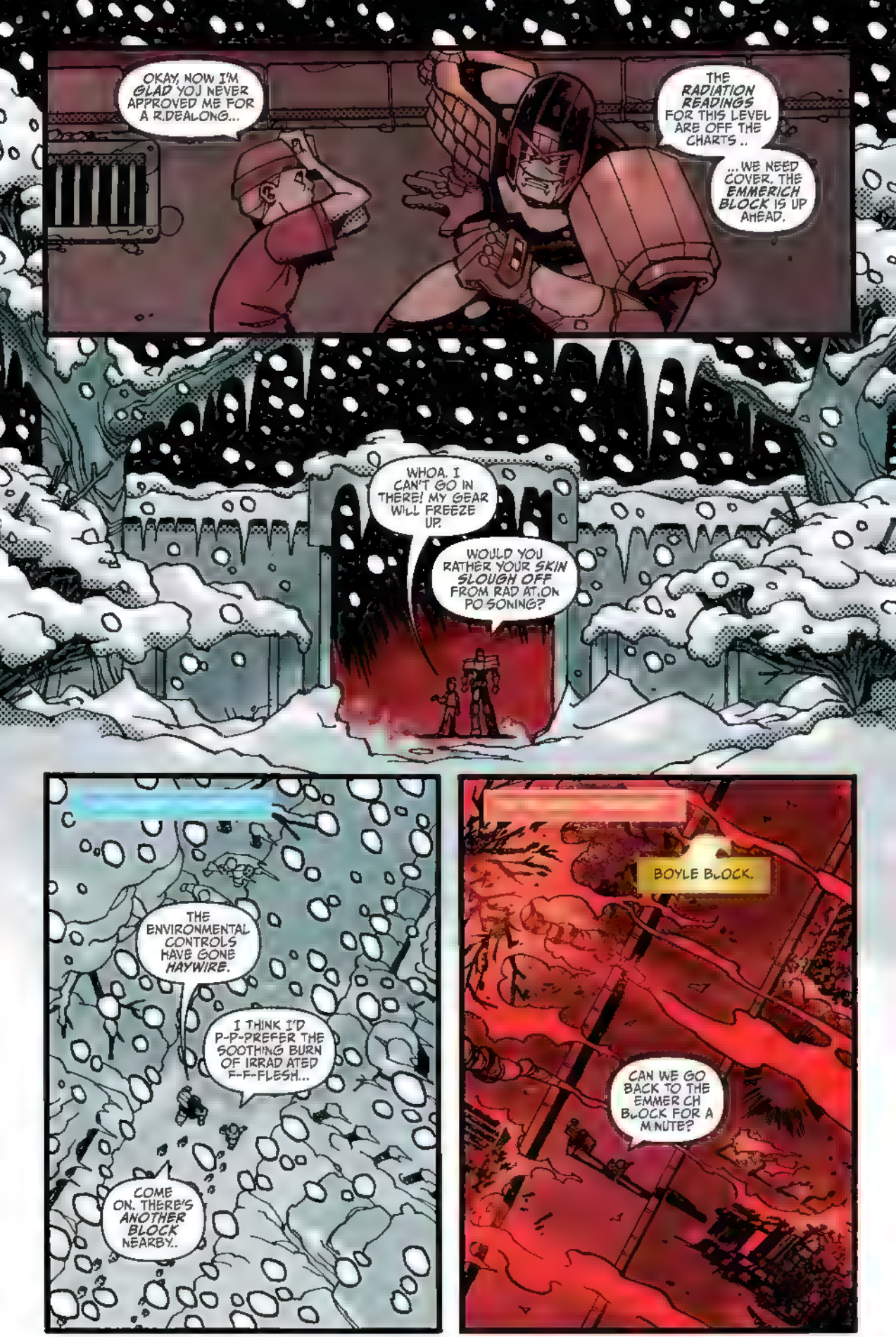
NAH, I HATE GUTS. TOO SLIMY. DON'T WORRY. THIS SCYTHE-SAW ALSO HAS A RIBCAGE SPREADER!
WE CAN ALL SEE HIS HEART.
HAH!
TOLD JA JUDGES AREN'T WORTH A THING WITHOUT THEIR GUNS!
THEN HERE— WHY DON'T YOU HANG ON TO THIS FOR ME.
HUH?
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP

BOOM
GRAAAAHHHHHHH!
SHAKE IT
FUEL
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE WHAT I'M SEEING.
MISSING LIMBS AND TWISTED METAL AND CRUSHED BRICK AND—
PONY
POLK
LAW
COME ON. YOU CAN THINK OF THE RIGHT WORDS LATER.

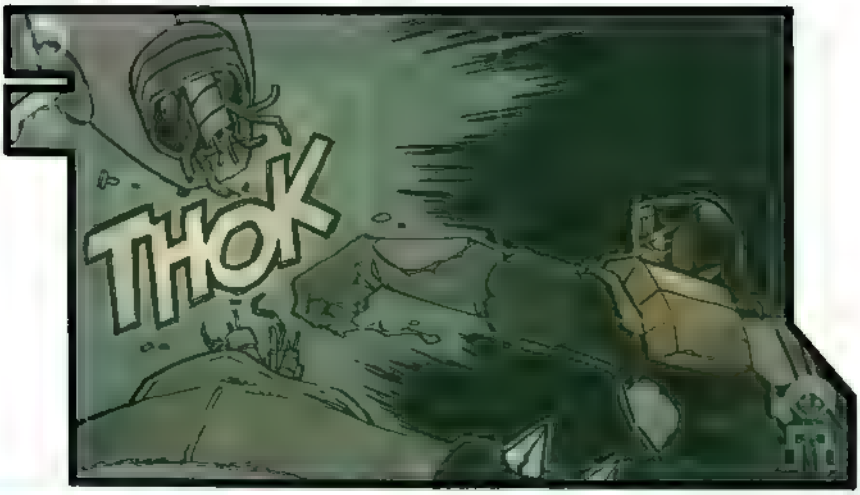
DROKK ME.
THE LONG FALL
PART II
HOTEL
WHAT HAPPENED OUT HERE?
Nelson
Script Droid
SWIERCZYNSKI
Art Droid
NELSON DANIEL
Editorial Droid

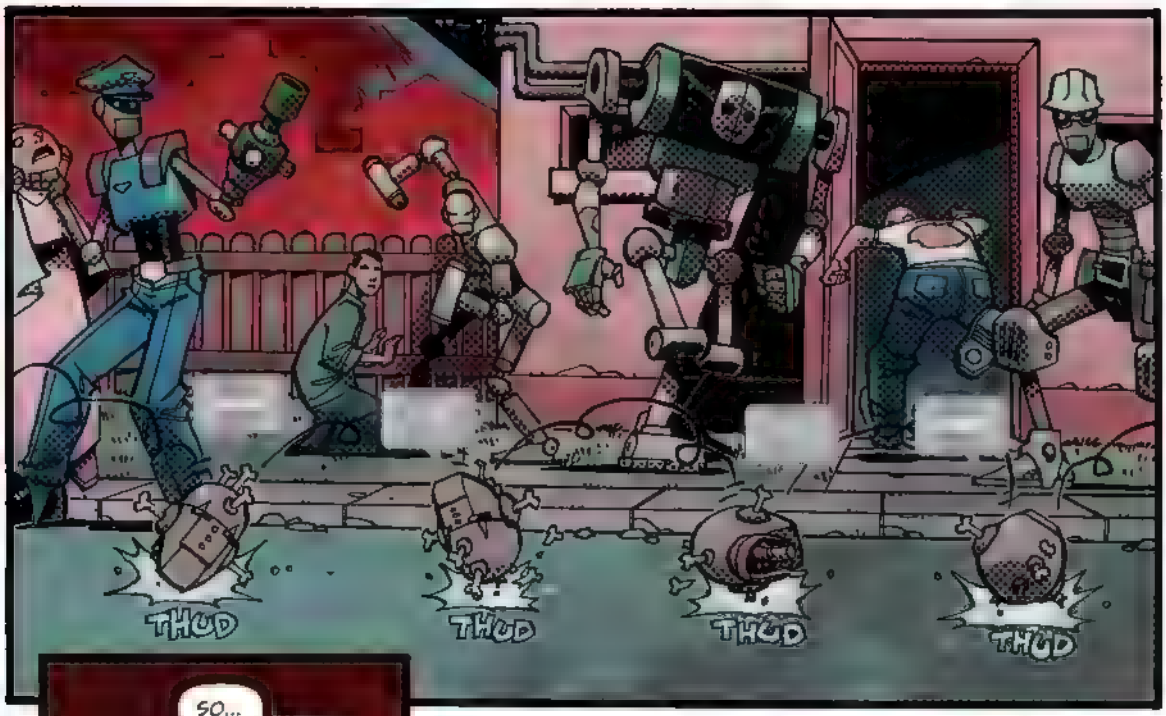
CONTROL, COME IN.
CONTROL.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I FEEL LIKE I JUST STEPPED INTO ONE OF MY OWN THRILLIES.
COME ON, PRETEEN WE NEED TO KEEP MOVING.
MY LAWG VER MALFJNCTION NG, COMMS DOWN, ROBOTS ACTING SCREWY...
...SEEMS THAT HUGE TECH FAIL MYERS WARNED ME ABOUT HAS COME TO PASS.
MY KUNDLE RECORDING GEAR IS WORKING FINE!
GOOD FOR YOU.
YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO A RIDEALONG WITH YOU, DREDD, BUT YOU NEVER APPROVED MY REQUESTS.
I'VE BEEN BUSY.
LOOKS LIKE I'M GETTING MY CHANCE NOW!
FOLLOW CLOSE, AND KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

GO FASTER
Stop! Stop! Stop!
LEFT ONLY
RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT, IDIOT!
MOVE, NOW..
WROOOOOOM
CRACK!
AAAHHHHH!


OKAY, NOW I'M GLAD YOU NEVER APPROVED ME FOR A R.DEALONG...
THE RADIATION READINGS FOR THIS LEVEL ARE OFF THE CHARTS..
...WE NEED COVER. THE EMMERICH BLOCK IS UP AHEAD.
WHOA. I CAN'T GO IN THERE! MY GEAR WILL FREEZE UP.
WOULD YOU RATHER YOUR SKIN SLOUGH OFF FROM RAD AT.ON PO SONING?
THE ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS HAVE GONE HAYWIRE.
I THINK I'D P-P-PREFER THE SOOTHING BURN OF IRRAD ATED F-F-FLESH...
COME ON. THERE'S ANOTHER BLOCK NEARBY..
BOYLE BLOCK.
CAN WE GO BACK TO THE EMMER CH BLOCK FOR A M.NUTE?

LET HER GO!
AGH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I LET YOU PIERCE YOURSELF WITH MY OWN BODY!
OMG
GRJD—
JUDGE DREDD, LOOK...
..THE ROBOTS... THEY'RE ALL REVOLTING!
ONE LAWBREAKER AT A TIME, PRETEEN.
WHAM


THOK

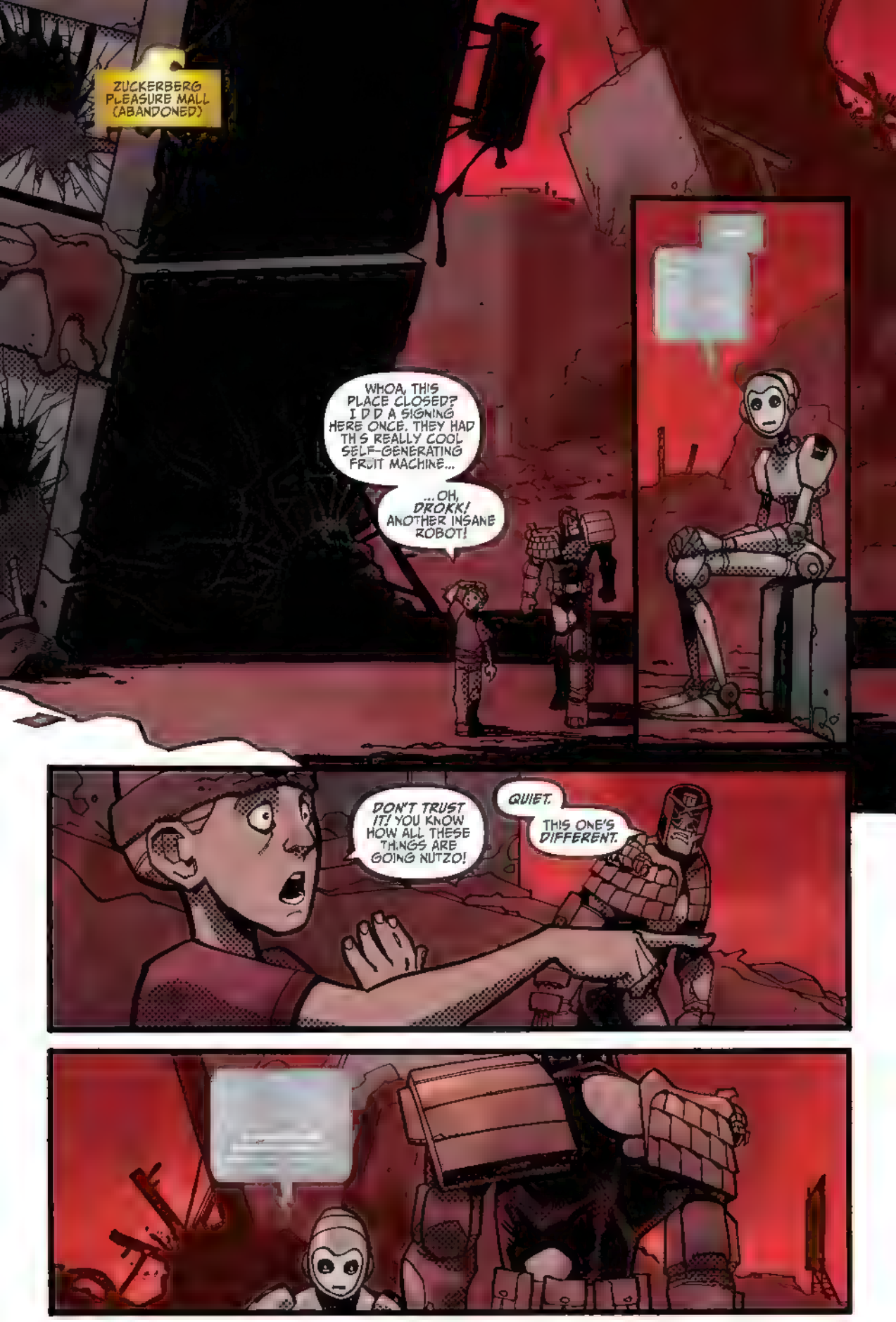

THUD
THUD
THUD
THUD

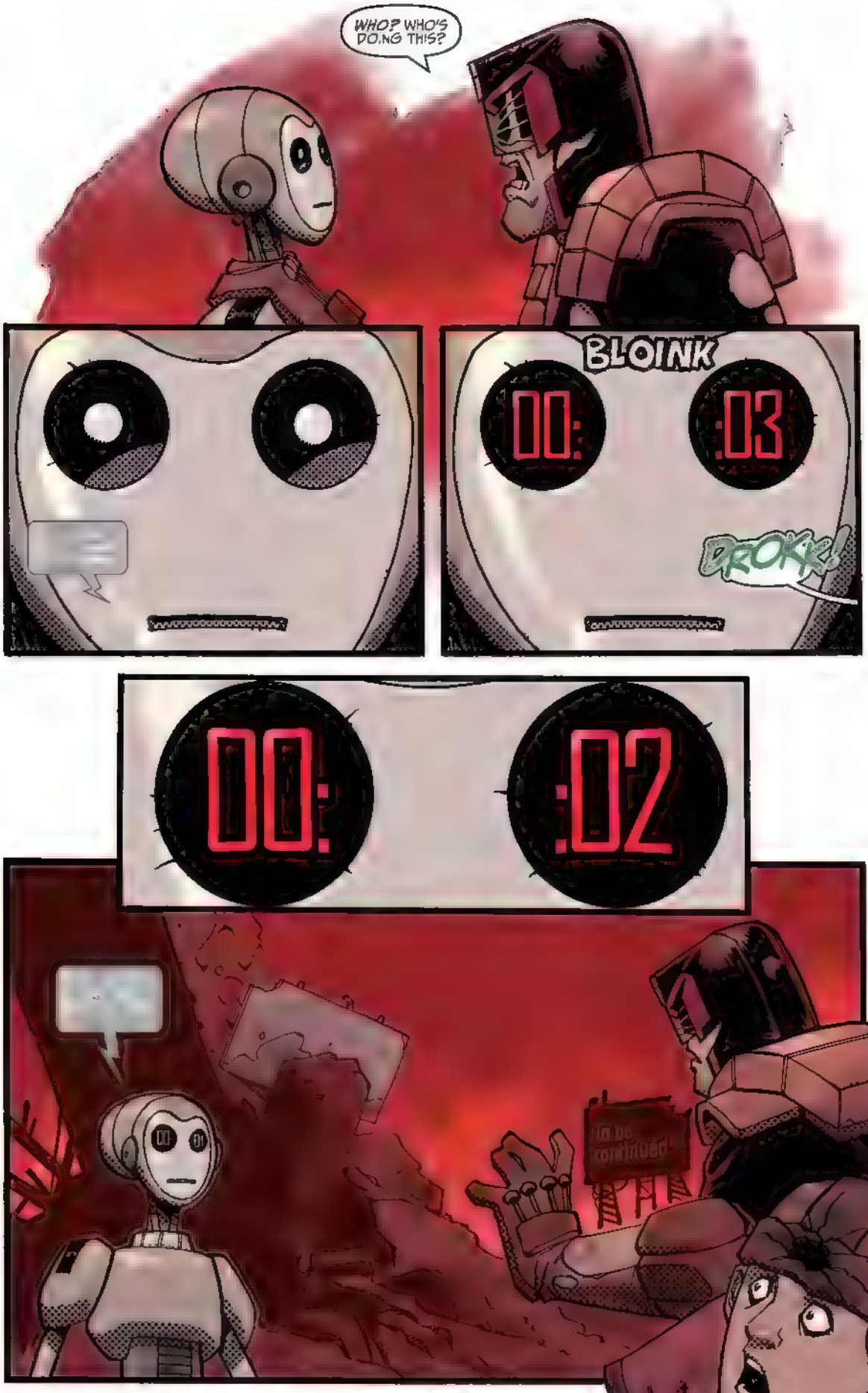
SO...
..WHICH OF YOU ROBOTS S NEXT FOR A TUNE-UP?

IF BY SOME MIRACLE I'M ALIVE WHEN TH S IS ALL OVER...
...TH S IS GOING TO BE MY BIGGEST SELLER EVER!

WA T... THAT'S IT. WE'VE BEEN LED AROJND L KE RATS THROUGH A MAZE.
THEY'RE TRACKING OUR MOVEMENTS THROUGH THOSE IMPLANTS IN YOUR HEAD!
REMOVE THEM. NOW.
NO! THIS IS WHO I AM! I AM A THRILLIE CREATOR!
BESIDES, THEY'RE IMPLANTS .. L KE, IN MY SKULL..
KBONK
ZZZZZZT
NINNYFERG.
GAK.
COME ON.

OW.
I WAS REACHING OUT TO YOU... AND IT FELT LIKE A HEAD-BUTT.
WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT HERE, ANDERSON?
JUDGE ANDERSON, A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S PSI DIVISION, SENT DREDD A MEMORY BURST DETAILING ALL UNEXPLAINED TECH FAILS OVER THE PAST HOUR.
THOUSANDS OF REPORTS OF JITTER, SEEMINGLY RANDOM MAYHEM... DELIVERED TO DREDD'S BRAIN IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND.
WE'VE GOT THE ENTIRE DIVISION ON BRAIN DETAIL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS.
BUT CITY-WIDE SWEEPS ARE COMING UP WITH NOTHING.
MAYBE THE PERPS ARE USING THOSE MEMORY-BLOCKERS THAT HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND?
IT'D BE TOUGH TO HIDE AN ATTACK THIS WIDESPREAD..
MAYBE WE'RE DEALING WITH FOREIGN AGENTS HERE? TERRORISTS FROM EAST-MEG ONE?
CALL
HELP
ON FIRE
I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THIS. CHECK BACK WITH ME IN 30.


ZUCKERBERG PLEASURE MALL (ABANDONED)
WHOA, THIS PLACE CLOSED? I D'D A SIGNING HERE ONCE. THEY HAD TH S REALLY COOL SELF-GENERATING FRUIT MACHINE...
...OH, DROKK! ANOTHER INSANE ROBOT!
DON'T TRUST IT! YOU KNOW HOW ALL THESE TH.NGS ARE GOING NUTZO!
QUIET.
THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT.


WHO? WHO'S DOING THIS?
BLOINK
00: :03
BROKE!
00: :02

ART BY MIKE McKONE

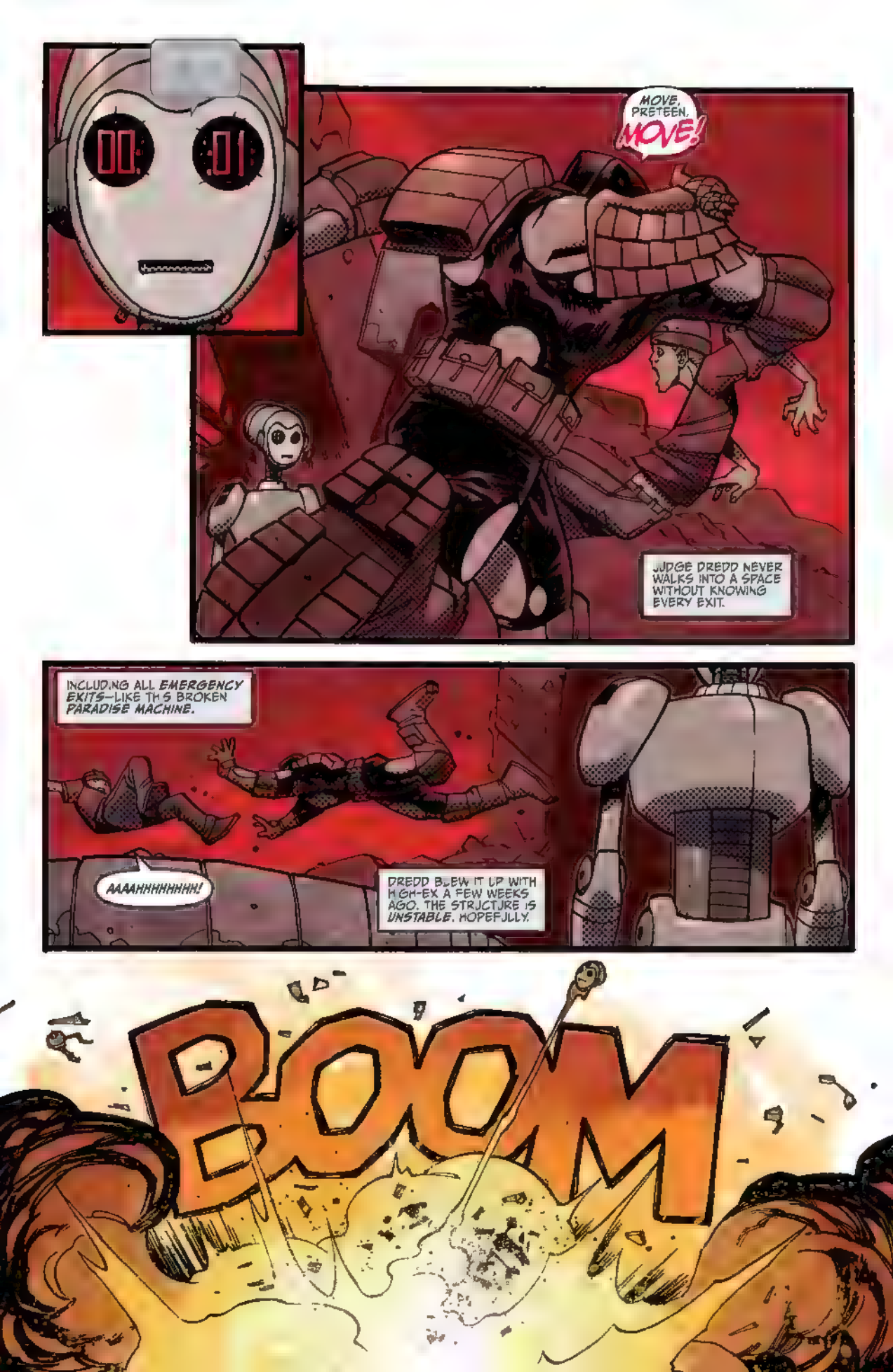
MEGA-CITY ONE. SECTOR 97. GOODMAN RESIDENCE.
JEFFRO, COULD YOU SCARE ME UP ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE—
JEFFRO, CAN YOU TELL ME THE PROPERTIES OF THE FIFTH AND SIXTH GOD PARTICLES?
JEFFRO, PLEASE HAND ME THE...
...JEFFRO?
NINE SERVICE DAYS LATER
NO PROBLEM, MAN!

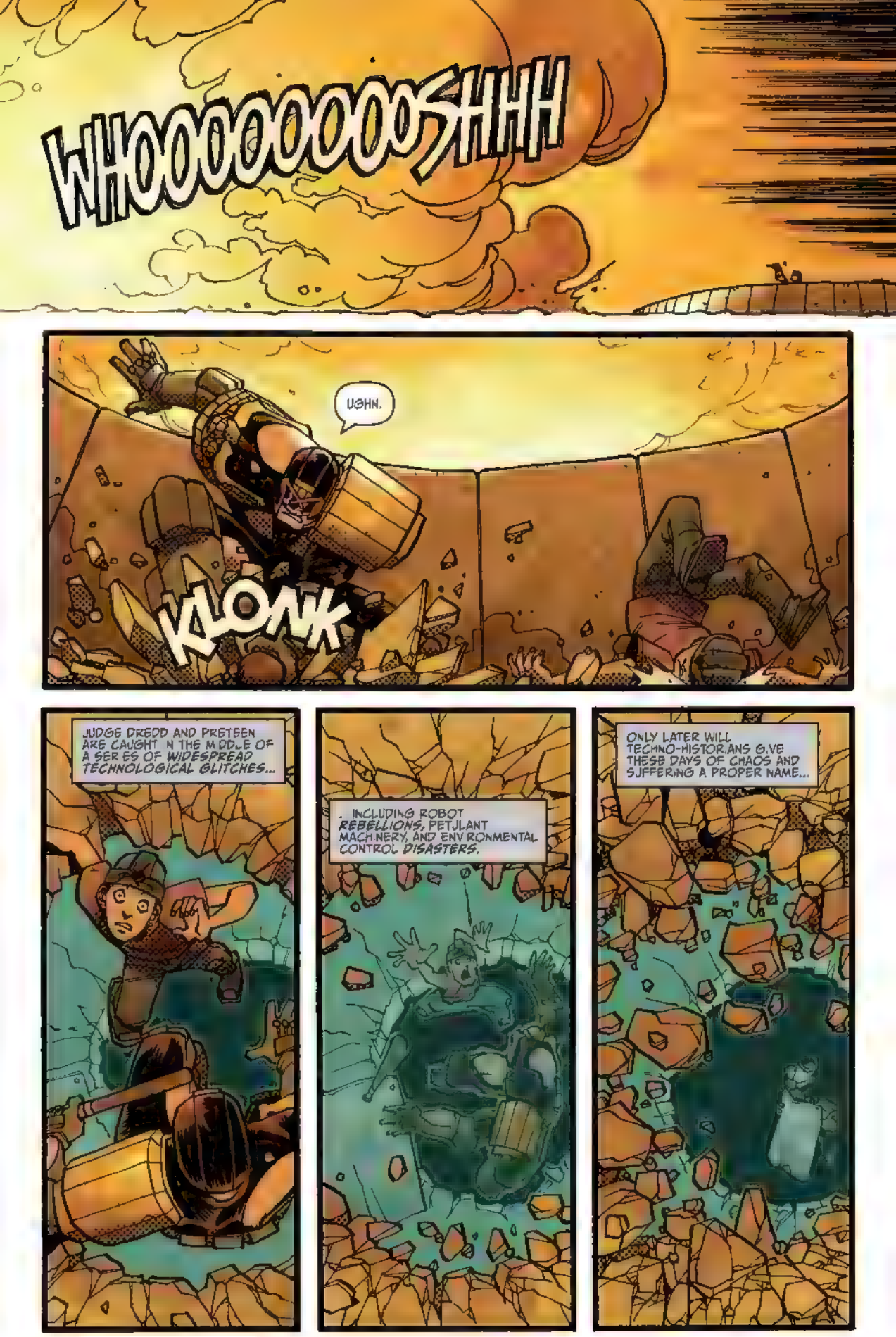
SECTOR 97.
GOODMAN
RESIDENCE

NUURRRRRRG.
NO MORE... YOU UNGRATEFUL BASTIDS...

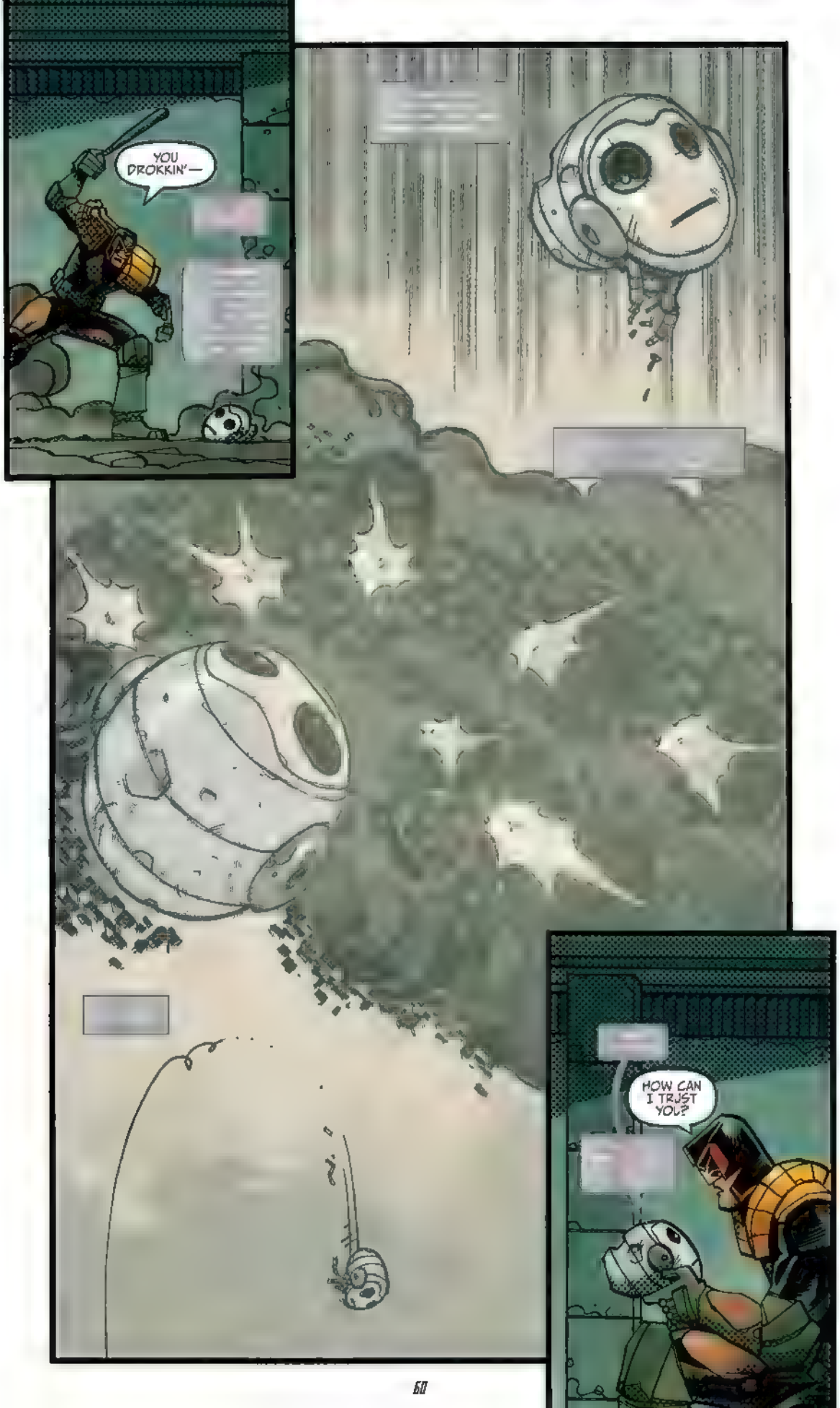
JEFFRO! OH GRUD, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT. I D DN'T KNOW YOU WERE STILL YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM!
THE END.

ART BY NELSON DANIEL


00.01
MOVE, PRETEEN. MOVE!
JUDGE DREDD NEVER WALKS INTO A SPACE WITHOUT KNOWING EVERY EXIT.
INCLUDING ALL EMERGENCY EXITS—LIKE THIS BROKEN PARADISE MACHINE.
AAAAHHHHHHHH!
DREDD BLEW IT UP WITH HIGH-EX A FEW WEEKS AGO. THE STRUCTURE IS UNSTABLE. HOPEFULLY.
BOOM

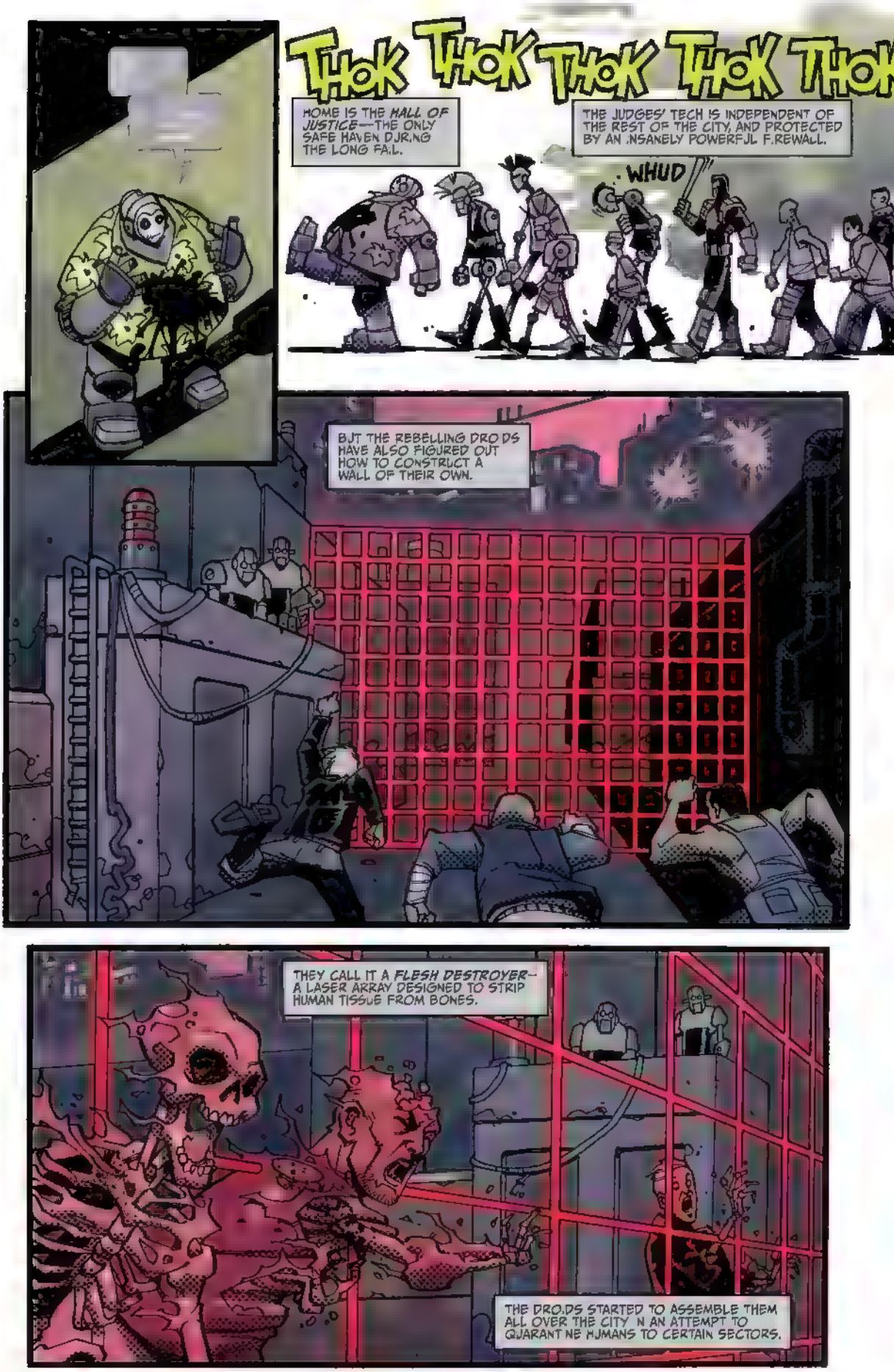

WHOOOOOOOOSHHH
UGHN.
KLONK
JUDGE DREDD AND PRETEEN ARE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SERIES OF WIDESPREAD TECHNOLOGICAL GLITCHES...
...INCLUDING ROBOT REBELLIONS, PETULANT MACHINERY, AND ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL DISASTERS.
ONLY LATER WILL TECHNO-HISTORIANS GIVE THESE DAYS OF CHAOS AND SUFFERING A PROPER NAME...

THE
LONG
FALL
PT 3
Script Droid. ....
. ...SWIERCZYNSKI
Art Droid.... ... .
....NELSON DANIEL
Editorial Droid. .. ..
.... CHRIS RYALL
STOMM. I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T RECORD ANY OF THAT. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO—
GAH!
CLUNK

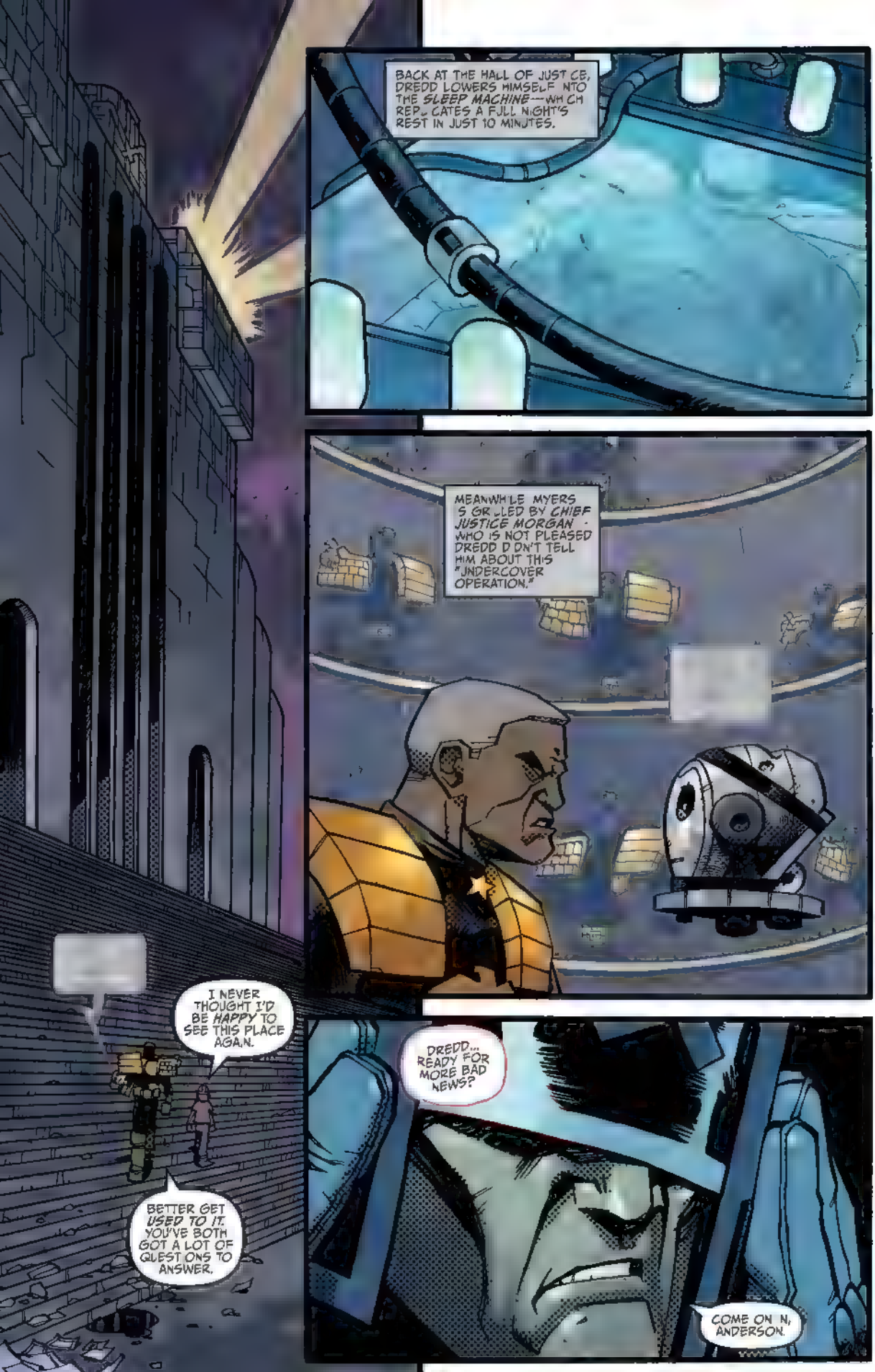

YOU DROKKIN'—
HOW CAN I TRUST YOU?

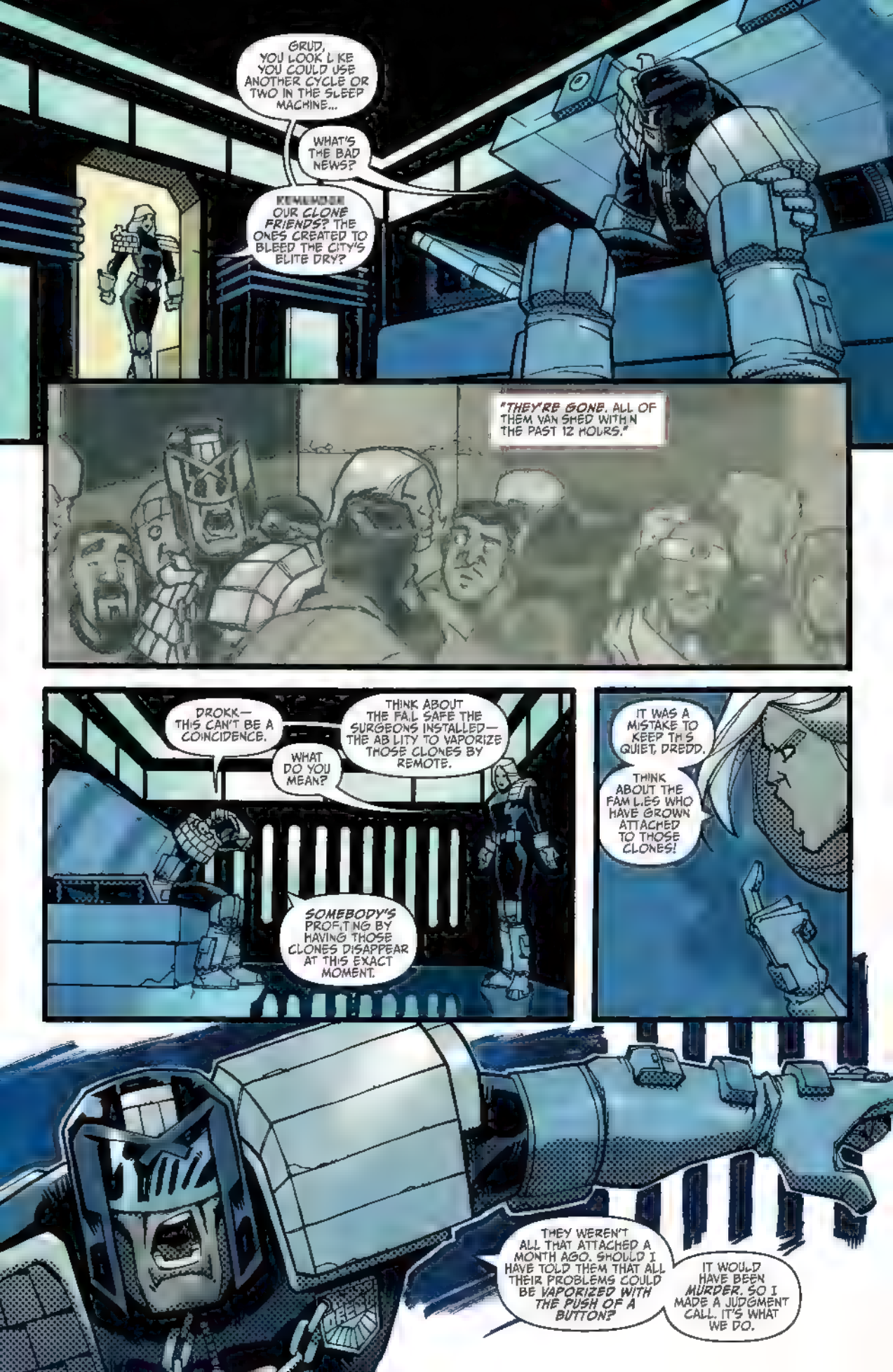
I SHOULD RIP OUT YOUR NEURAL NET.
IF THE SKIN RASH TRIED TO INCINERATE ME AND AN INNOCENT CIVILIAN... YEAH, I WOULD.
YOU ASK ME, I THINK YOU SHOULD DROP-KICK HIS HEAD OUT INTO THE CURSED EARTH.
NOBODY'S ASKING YOU.
AND MAYBE HE CAN STILL HELP US.
THAT ALCOHOLIC ROBOT OF YOURS... CRUMLEY.
YOU KNOW HOW TO PROGRAM IT, RIGHT?

CONTENT DROID: THE DIALOGUE SPOKEN BY THE ROBOT IN THE LAST THREE PANELS IS FROM JAMES CRUMLEY'S EXCELLENT "THE FINAL COUNTRY" 2001; WHICH YOU SHOULD IMMEDIATELY DOWNLOAD INTO YOUR HUMAN BRAINS


THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK
HOME IS THE HALL OF JUSTICE—THE ONLY SAFE HAVEN DJRNG THE LONG FA.L.
THE JUDGES' TECH IS INDEPENDENT OF THE REST OF THE CITY, AND PROTECTED BY AN .NSANELY POWERFJL F.REWALL.
WHUD
BJT THE REBELLING DRO DS HAVE ALSO FIGURED OUT HOW TO CONSTRUCT A WALL OF THEIR OWN.
THEY CALL IT A FLESH DESTROYER— A LASER ARRAY DESIGNED TO STRIP HUMAN TISSUE FROM BONES.
THE DRO.DS STARTED TO ASSEMBLE THEM ALL OVER THE CITY N AN ATTEMPT TO QJARANT NE HJMANS TO CERTAIN SECTORS.

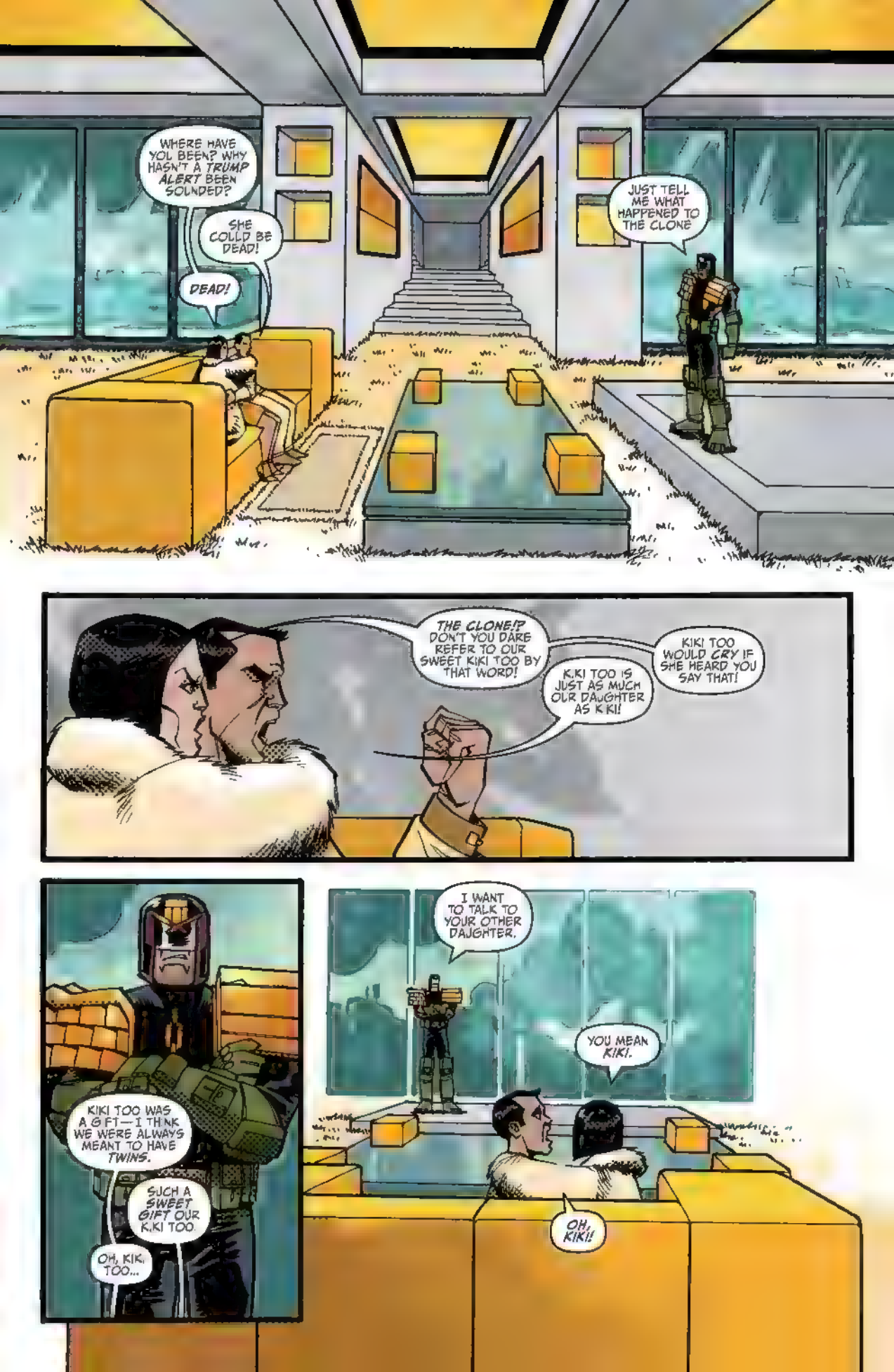
OH, STOMM. WE NEED TO PICK ANOTHER STREET.
THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD. THEY'VE PROBABLY BLOCKED ALL THE OTHER STREETS IN THE VICINITY BY NOW.
MYERS! WAIT!
ZZZZOK
GOOD ONE, MYERS
YOU CAN STOP THAT NOW.


BACK AT THE HALL OF JUST CE, DREDD LOWERS HIMSELF NTO THE SLEEP MACHINE---WH CH REP_ CATES A FJLL NIGHT'S REST IN JUST 10 MINUTES.
MEANWH'LE MYERS S GR_LED BY CHIEF JUSTICE MORGAN - WHO IS NOT PLEASED DREDD D DN'T TELL HIM ABOUT THIS "JNDERCOVER OPERATION."
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE HAPPY TO SEE THIS PLACE AGA.N.
BETTER GET USED TO IT. YOU'VE BOTH GOT A LOT OF QUEST ONS TO ANSWER.
DREDD... READY FOR MORE BAD NEWS?
COME ON N, ANDERSON.

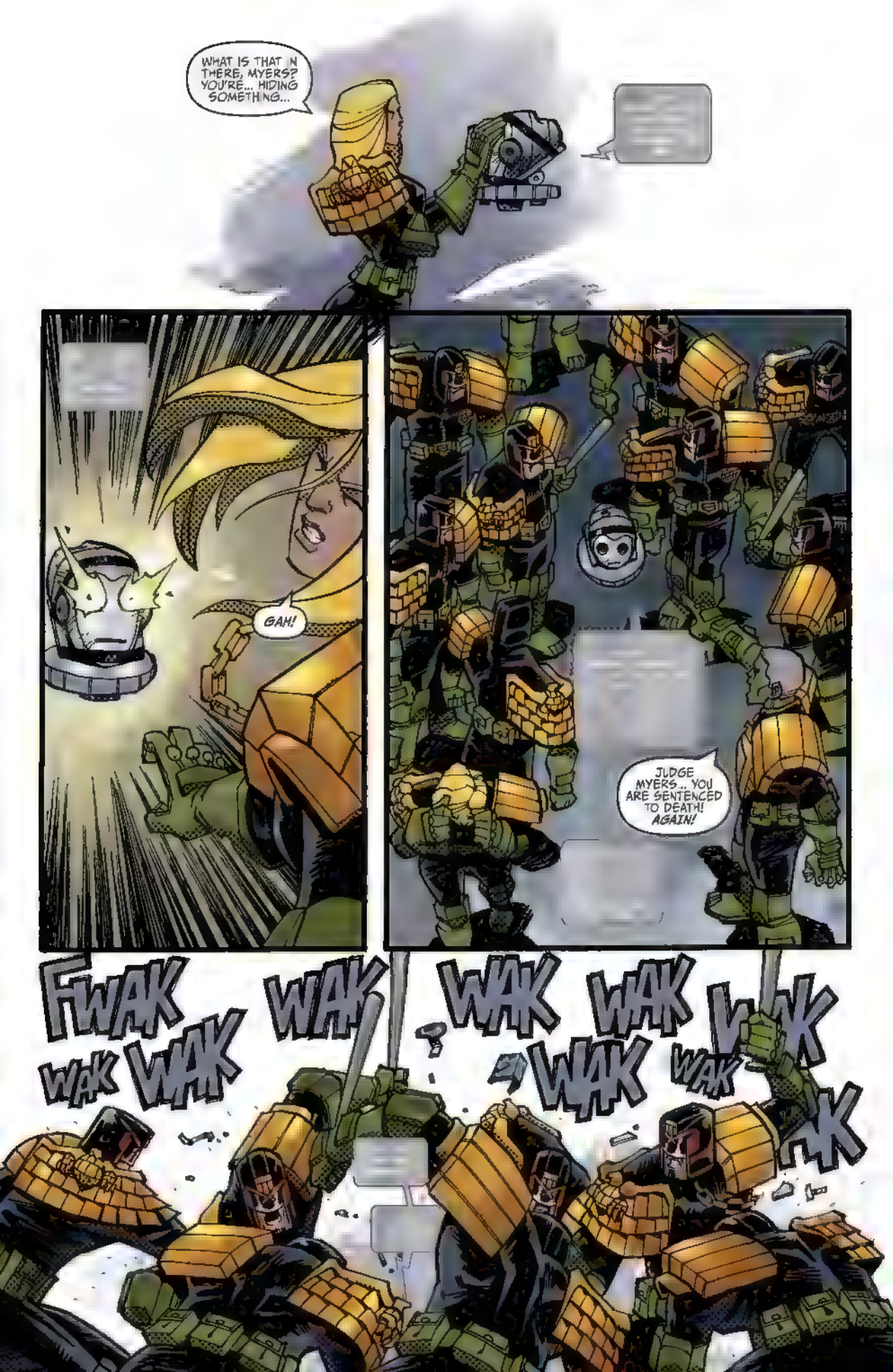

GRUD, YOU LOOK L KE YOU COULD USE ANOTHER CYCLE OR TWO IN THE SLEEP MACHINE...
WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS?
[redacted] OUR CLONE FRIENDS? THE ONES CREATED TO BLEED THE CITY'S ELITE DRY?
"THEY'RE GONE. ALL OF THEM VAN SHED WITH N THE PAST 12 HOURS."
DROKK— THIS CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THINK ABOUT THE FA L SAFE THE SURGEONS INSTALLED— THE AB LITY TO VAPORIZE THOSE CLONES BY REMOTE.
SOMEBODY'S PROF T NG BY HAVING THOSE CLONES DISAPPEAR AT THIS EXACT MOMENT.
IT WAS A MISTAKE TO KEEP TH S QUIET, DREDD.
THINK ABOUT THE FAM L ES WHO HAVE GROWN ATTACHED TO THOSE CLONES!
THEY WEREN'T ALL THAT ATTACHED A MONTH AGO. SHOULD I HAVE TOLD THEM THAT ALL THEIR PROBLEMS COULD BE VAPORIZED WITH THE PUSH OF A BUTTON?
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MURDER. SO I MADE A JUDGMENT CALL. IT'S WHAT WE DO.

I'M GOING TO QUEST ON THE CLOSEST CLONE FAMILY. IF THIS IS SOMEHOW RELATED TO THE TECH FAILS, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRACE IT BACK TO ITS SOURCE.
WANT SOME COMPANY?
NO.
YOU SHOULD SCAN MYERS' HEAD FOR CLUES. YOU WERE THE ONE WHO TRANSFERRED HIS SOUL INTO HIS ROBOT BODY.
AND CHIEF JUSTICE MORGAN IS GOING TO LOVE TO HEAR I WAS PART OF THAT DECISION.
WORRY ABOUT THE CONSEQUENCES LATER. WE'VE GOT A CITY TO SAVE.
"AND THE ANSWERS MAY BE LOCKED UP INSIDE MYERS' HEAD."
JUDGE ANDERSON! I HAD A GUT FEELING YOU'D BE STOPPING BY.
DO YOU MIND IF I...

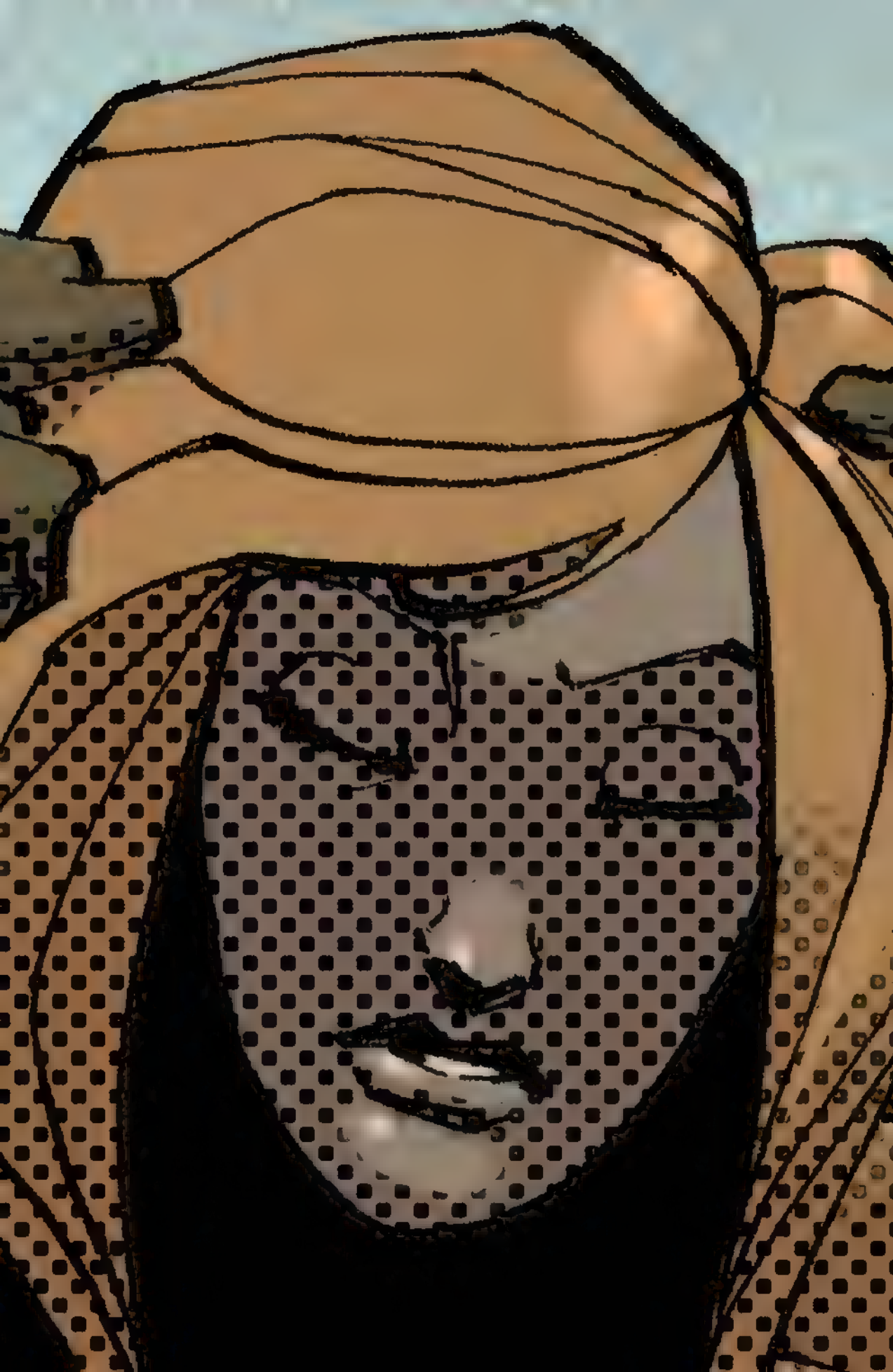
DREDD HITS THE STREETS ONCE AGAIN, WITHOUT HIS LAWGIVER OR LAWMASTER, HE FEELS LIKE HE'S PROWLING *NAKED*.
BUT HE CAN'T WALK THE STREETS AND RISK GETTING EMBROILED IN *ANOTHER REBELLION*.
HE'S NOT USED TO SNEAKING AROUND IN THE SHADOWS.
KRESSHH
TO END THIS NIGHTMARE, HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO FIND *THE SOURCE*.


WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHY HASN'T A TRUMP ALERT BEEN SOUNDED?
SHE COULD BE DEAD!
DEAD!
JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CLONE
THE CLONE!? DON'T YOU DARE REFER TO OUR SWEET KIKI TOO BY THAT WORD!
KIKI TOO WOULD CRY IF SHE HEARD YOU SAY THAT!
K.KI TOO IS JUST AS MUCH OUR DAUGHTER AS K.KI!
I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR OTHER DAUGHTER.
YOU MEAN KIKI.
OH, KIKI!
KIKI TOO WAS A GIFT—I THINK WE WERE ALWAYS MEANT TO HAVE TWINS.
SUCH A SWEET GIFT OUR K.KI TOO.
OH, KIKI TOO...

DROKK, MOM, YOU WOKE ME—
—OH.
IT'S YOU. WHAT, ARE YOU BACK TO MAKE SURE I FOUND ONE OKAY?
IN THAT MOMENT, DREDD REALIZED THEY HAD IT ALL BACKWARDS.
YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A BATHROOM?
KEEP MOVING!
THE CLONES D.DN'T EVAPORATE-- SOMEONE HAD KIDNAPPED ALL OF THE ORIGINALS.
K.KI, DON'T BE RUDE TO THE JUDGE!
GRUD, MOM! I'M KIKI TOO! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO—
DON'T SASS YOUR MAMA, KIK.!
CONTROL—IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, CONNECT ME TO JUDGE ANDERSON! IMMED.ATELY!


WHAT IS THAT IN THERE, MYERS? YOU'RE... HIDING SOMETHING...
GAH!
JUDGE MYERS... YOU ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH! AGAIN!
FWAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK
WAK

JUDGE ANDERSON— ARE YOU OKAY?
NEEP NEEP
OH DARK DARK DARK THEY ALL GO INTO THE DARK
ANDERSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!
FIREWALL DISMISSED
DROKK!
To be concluded...
next issue...

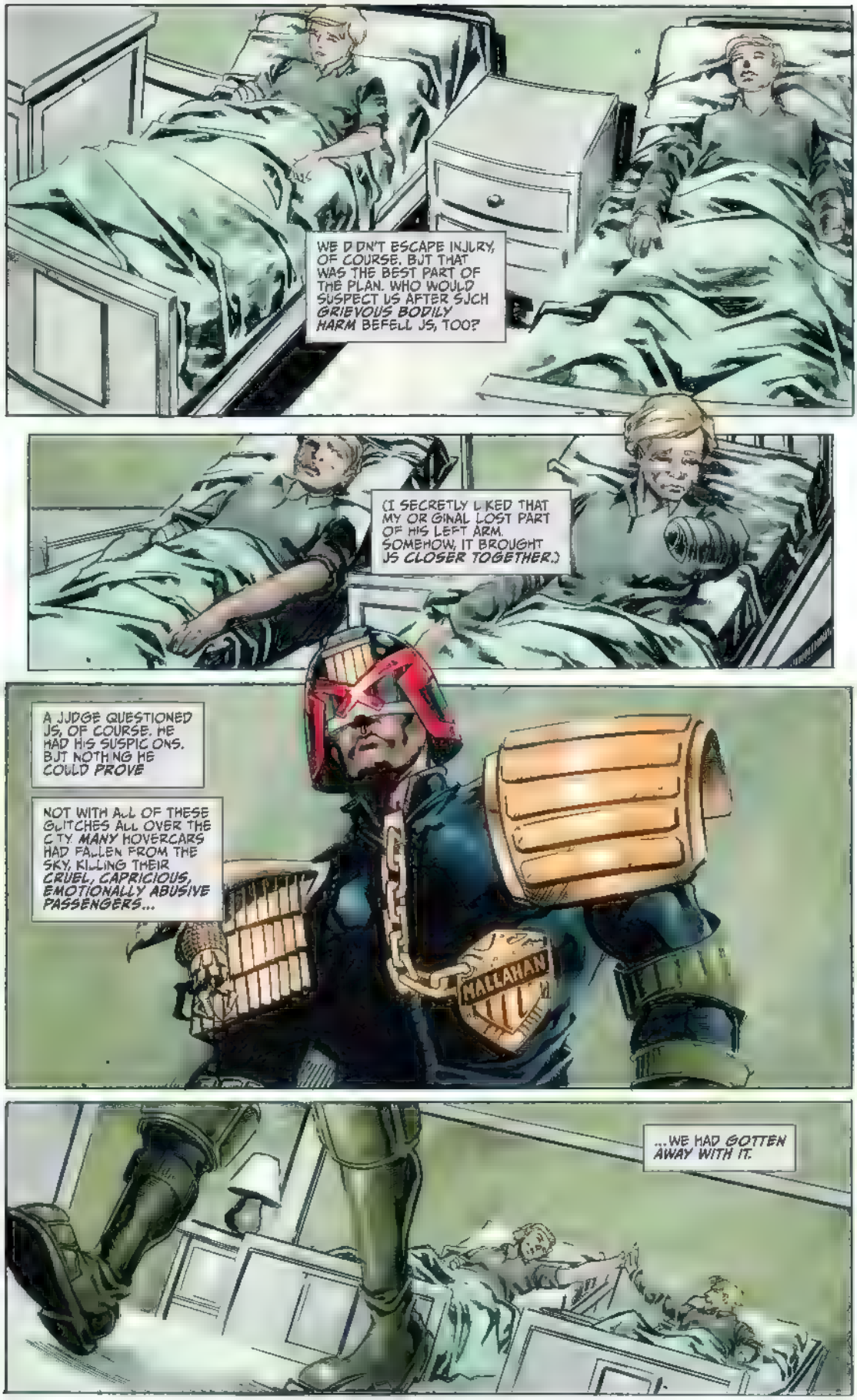


PENCILS BY **DAVID WILLIAMS** ★ INKS BY **BILL SIENKIEWICZ** ★ COLORS BY **RYAN BROWN**

SHE THREW ME OUT OF THE REJUV E MACHINE JUST BEFORE NOON.
WHAT, ARE YOU GO NG TO BE IN THERE ALL DAY? MY REAL BUNNY FOO-FOO NEEDS H S REST.
PART OF ME GETS IT. ONE M NUTE, LIBBY HAS A THRIVING CORPORAT ON AND A HAPPY MARRIAGE.
THE NEXT, SHE'S EMBRO LED N SOME WEIRDO BLACKMAIL SCHEME* AND ENDS JP WITH TWO HUSBANDS. THE ORIG NAL, AND A CLONE—ME.
AWWW, THERE YOJ GO, HONEY. CAN I HAVE THE DROIDS FIX YOU A WARM SNACK WH LE YOU'RE UNDER?
*CONTENT DROID ALERT SAID BLACKMAIL SCHEME DETAILED IN JUDGE DREDD #3 AND 4.
BUT D D SHE HAVE TO TREAT US BOTH L KE STOMM?
SOMET MES SHE'S A L OVER MY ORIGINAL, MAKING ME FEEL LIKE A SPARE PART.
OTHER TIMES, HER SCHIZO SYMPATHIES WOULD SWING MY WAY.
I'M SORRY.. I KNOW YOU NEED MORE TIME IN THE MACH NE THAN THE OR G NAL YOU. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH .

WE STARTED TALKING ABOUT IT ONE NIGHT AFTER A FEW DRINKS. HOW MUCH IT BOTHERED US.
WE CAN'T KEEP GOING LIKE THIS.
I KNOW. I MEAN... WE KNOW.
I DO.
DON'T SEE ANY WAY OUT, THOUGH.
WE GET RID OF HER.
WE GET RID OF HER.
SHHH! ARE YOU DROKKING CRAZY?! THE PSI JUDGES DO ROUTINE SWEEPS FOR THOUGHTS LIKE THAT—
YOU THOUGHT IT, TOO. I ONLY SAID IT BECAUSE—
THE TECH GLITCHES ARE KEEPING THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUSY. RIIIGHT.
THINK ABOUT IT. WITH YOU-KNOW-WHO GONE, WE COULD SPLIT THE FORTUNE. LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE.
WHAT MY ORIGINAL SAID MADE PERFECT SENSE. AND I HAVE TO ADMIT, TOGETHER WAS THE WORD I'D HOPED HE'D SAY.
WE HAD SORTA FALLEN IN LOVE BY THEN. BUT THAT'S NOT STRANGE, IS IT? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOVE YOURSELF.
ANYWAY, WE NEEDED THE PERFECT PLOT.

MY ORIGINAL CAME UP WITH THE IDEA—THOUGH A SIMILAR NOT ON CROSSED MY MIND, TOO.
WE'D USE THIS TECH GLITCH THING—THE SO-CALLED LONG FAIL—AS A COVER.
WE REALLY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SPEAK IT OUT LOUD. WE BOTH KNEW WHAT WE HAD TO DO
I'M SORRY—I JUST CAN'T QUITE GET IT—
WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE!
IT'S OKAY. IF THE ORIGINAL ME DRIVES, WE'LL MAKE IT THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME.
ORIGINAL ME DROVE.
LEAVING ME TO TRIGGER THE HOVER-GUIDANCE DISRUPTOR.
HIT THE BREAKS! THE BREAKS YOU IDIOT!
I CAN'T!
IT ALL WORKED BEAUTIFULLY.


WE D DN'T ESCAPE INJURY, OF COURSE. BJT THAT WAS THE BEST PART OF THE PLAN. WHO WOULD SUSPECT JS AFTER SJCH GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM BEFELL JS, TOO?
(I SECRETLY L KED THAT MY OR GINAL LOST PART OF HIS LEFT ARM. SOMEHOW, IT BROUGHT JS CLOSER TOGETHER.)
A JJDGE QUESTIONED JS, OF COURSE. HE HAD HIS SUSPIC ONS. BJT NOTH NG HE COULD PROVE
NOT WITH ALL OF THESE GLITCHES ALL OVER THE C TY. MANY HOVERCARS HAD FALLEN FROM THE SKY, KILLING THEIR CRUEL, CAPRICIOUS, EMOTIONALLY ABUSIVE PASSENGERS...
MALLAHAN
...WE HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT.

UNTIL THIS MORNING.
THREE DAYS LATER.
-:YAWN:-
AHHHH— SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO BURN THROUGH ANOTHER BILLION TODAY, MY LOVE?
JM... ME? WHERE ARE YOU?
THIS ISN'T FUNNY! I CAN'T FIND ME ANYWHERE!
JEREMY GATES-KROCH, THIS IS THE LAW! OPEN UP!
STOMM!
ALRIGHT, MR. GATES-KROCH. WHERE'S YOUR CLONE?
I'M... I'M THE CLONE!
UH-HUH. ALL OF THE CLONES IN MC-1 SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR, AND BY SOME MIRACLE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT?
NONE OF THIS MADE SENSE WHERE WAS I? WHY WOULD I LEAVE ME...

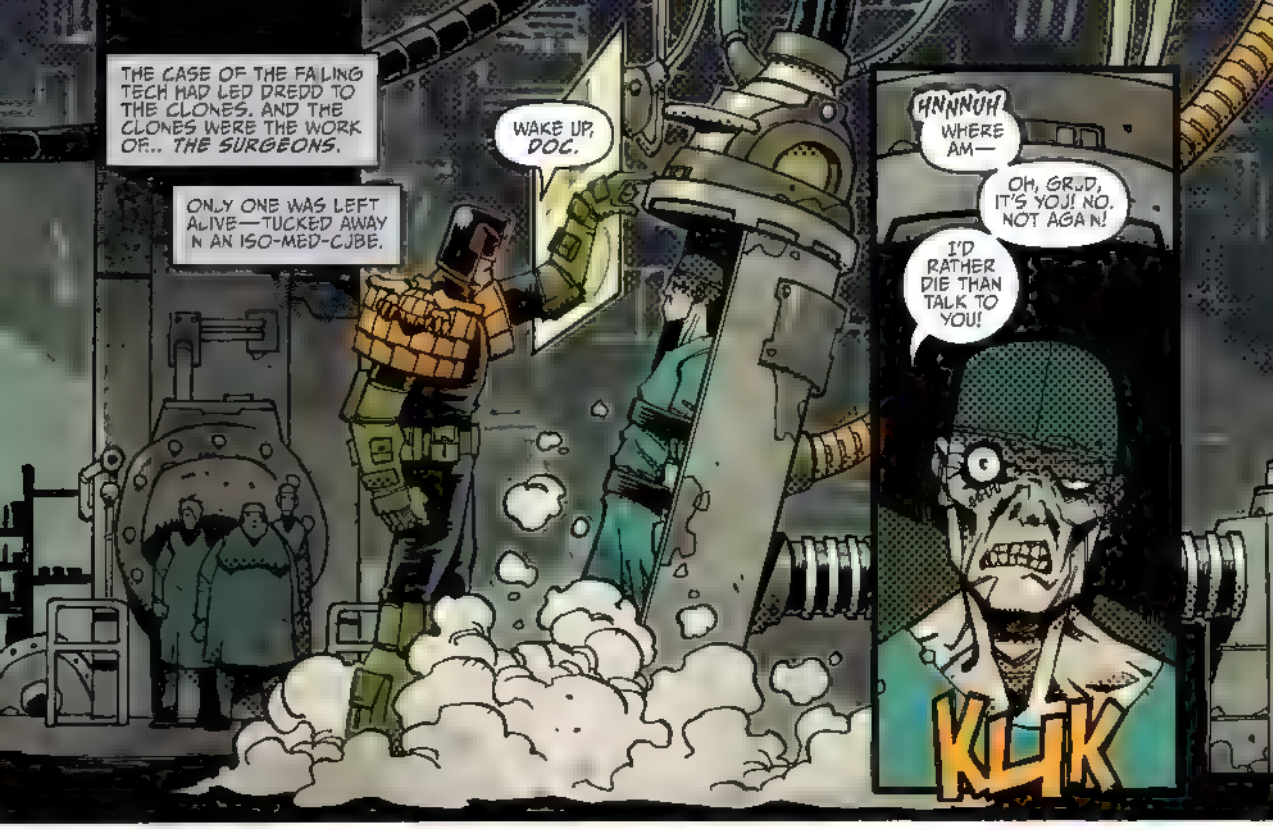
...AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
SO YES, FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME, WE K.ILLED THAT CRUEL HARPY WHO USED TO BE OUR WIFE
BUT FOR GRJD'S SAKE, I DIDN'T KILL MYSELF!
MALKAVIAN
THAT'S ENOUGH, PERP. YOU'RE GETTING TWO LIFE TERMS IN THE SO-CUBES.
MAYBE AFTER THE FIRST TERM YOU'LL BE READY TO CHANGE YOUR STORY.
DON'T KNOW IF PRAYERS WORK. THEY SAY GOD IS DEAD.
BUT IN CASE THEY DO, COULD YOU SAY ONE FOR THE TWO OF US? SO THAT MAYBE SOMEDAY WE COULD BE TOGETHER AGAIN?
THE END.

ART BY NELSON DANIEL

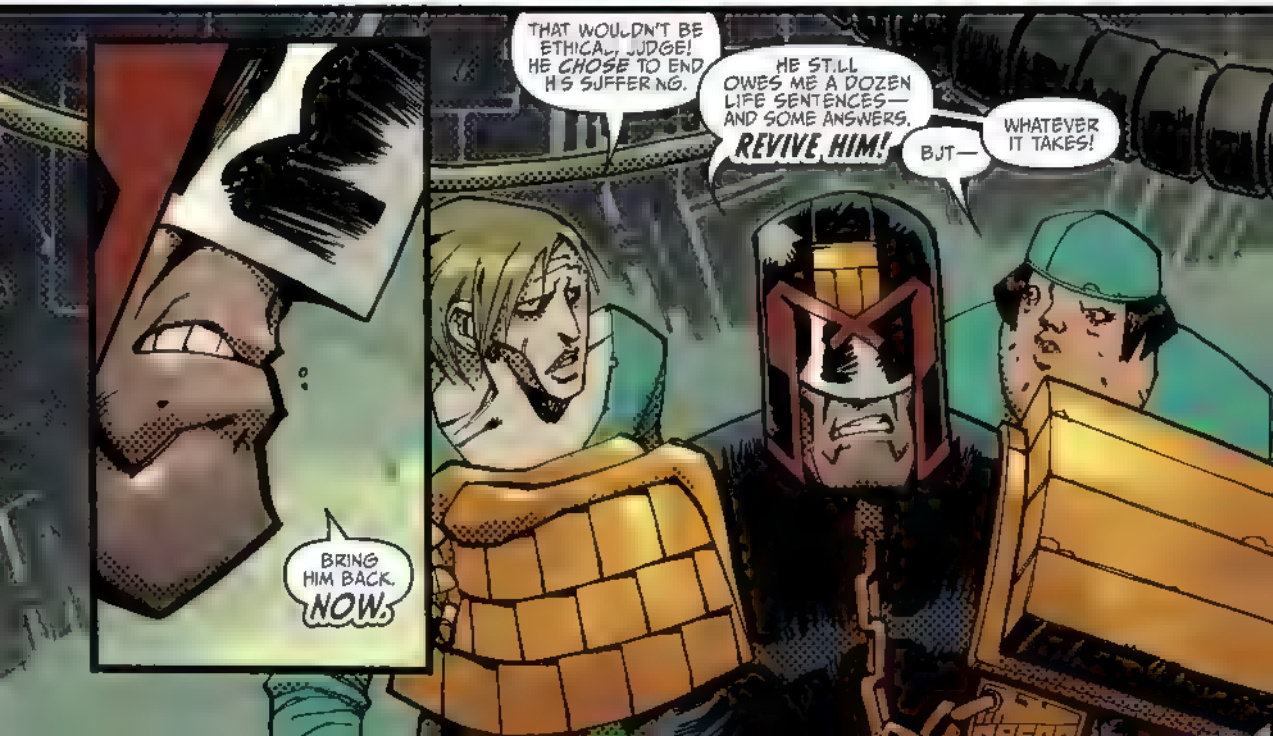
THE SCHAPPELL RESIDENCE.
MEGA-CITY ONE
OUR DAUGHTER IS CERTAINLY NOT A CLONE, JUDGE DREDD.
DAAAAAAAD! WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME? HE'S RIGHT! I AM THE—
DON'T SASS YOUR PAPA, KIKI!
WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SAW YOUR DOUBLE?
I DUNNO— MAYBE THIS MORNING, WITH OUR SERVANT DROID, RAWSON? THINK HE SAID HE WANTED TO SHOW HER SOMETHING OUTSIDE.
DREDD WONDERED HOW MANY OTHER ORIGINALS HAD BEEN LED AWAY BY DROIDS DURING THE LONG FALL
KIKI, DARLING, WHAT'S WRONG?
FEEL LIKE STOMM ALL OF A SUDDEN...
KIKI, YOU KNOW LANGUAGE LIKE THAT IS A NO-NO—
SPOFF
ANDERSON— WHERE ARE YOU?

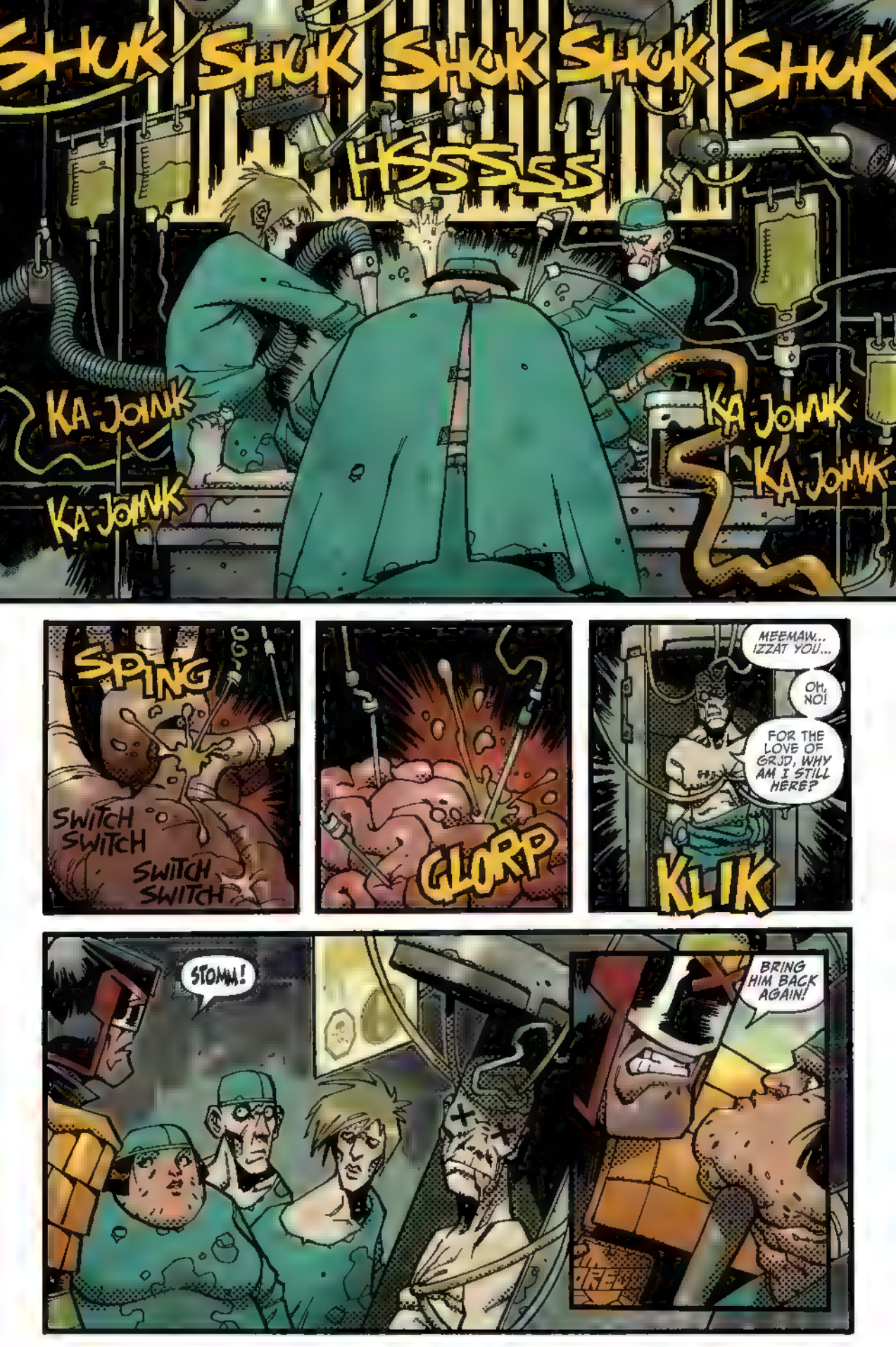
THE LONG FALL
-CONCLUSION-
GRUD ..
MYERS!

WE'RE GOING TO END THIS NOW.
SPARE ME.
ANDERSON —WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THAT THING WILL TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR MIND AGAIN!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
DROP THE HEAD, JUDGE ANDERSON.
DON'T MAKE JS— GAH!
SPAK
IF I'M WRONG AND HE TAKES OVER... THEN YOU CAN SHOOT ME.
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY.

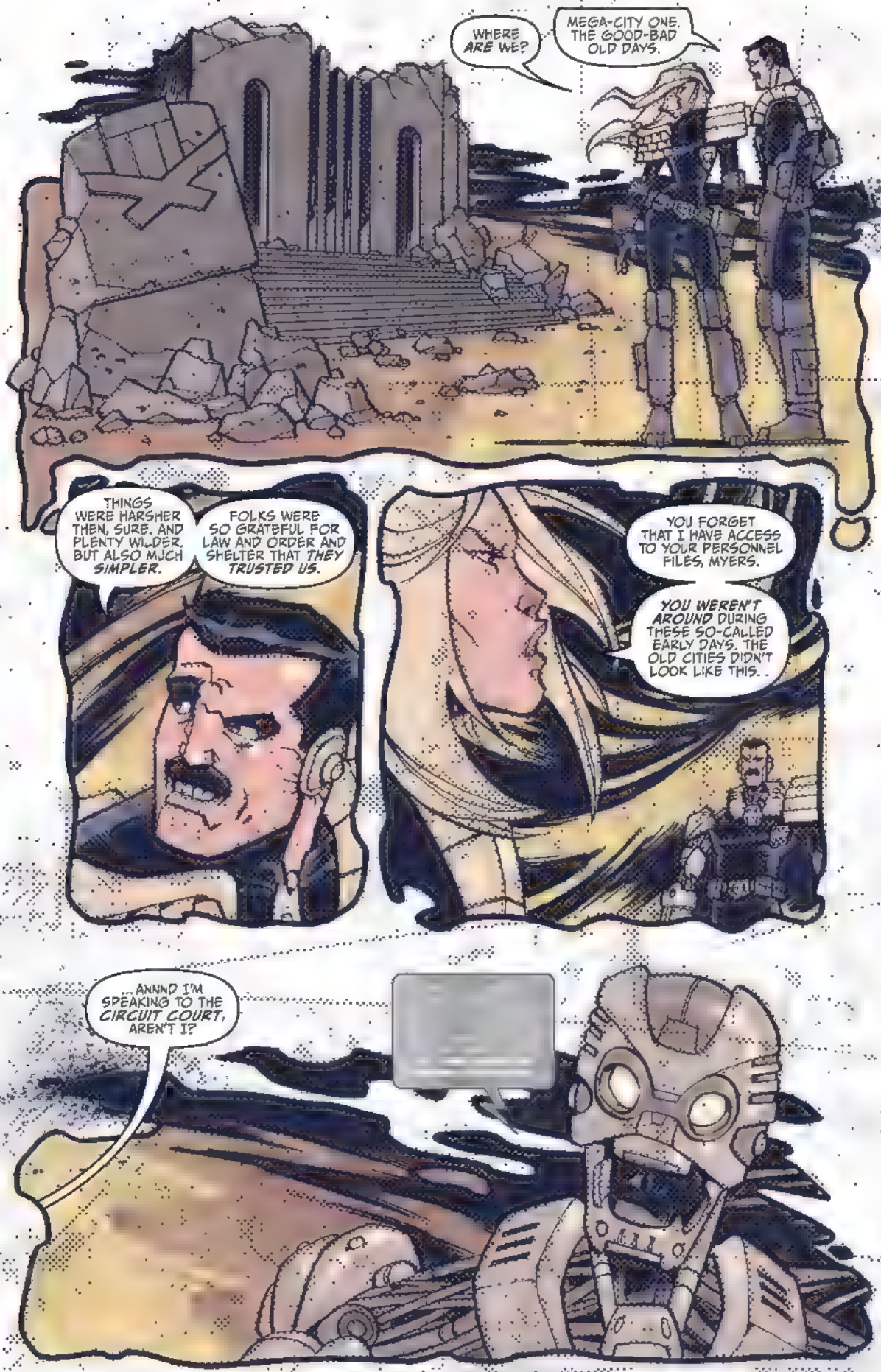

THE CASE OF THE FAILING TECH HAD LED DREDD TO THE CLONES. AND THE CLONES WERE THE WORK OF... THE SURGEONS.
ONLY ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE—TUCKED AWAY IN AN ISO-MED-CUBE.
WAKE UP, DOC.
HNNNUH
WHERE AM—
OH, GROD, IT'S YOU! NO. NOT AGAIN!
I'D RATHER DIE THAN TALK TO YOU!
KLIK

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
HE MUST HAVE TRIGGERED A SUBDERMAL SUICIDE SWITCH—SOMETHING OUR SECURITY SCANS HAVE MISSED!
WELL, HE WAS A DIABOLICALLY BRILLIANT SURGEON, WORKING ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF BODY TECH...

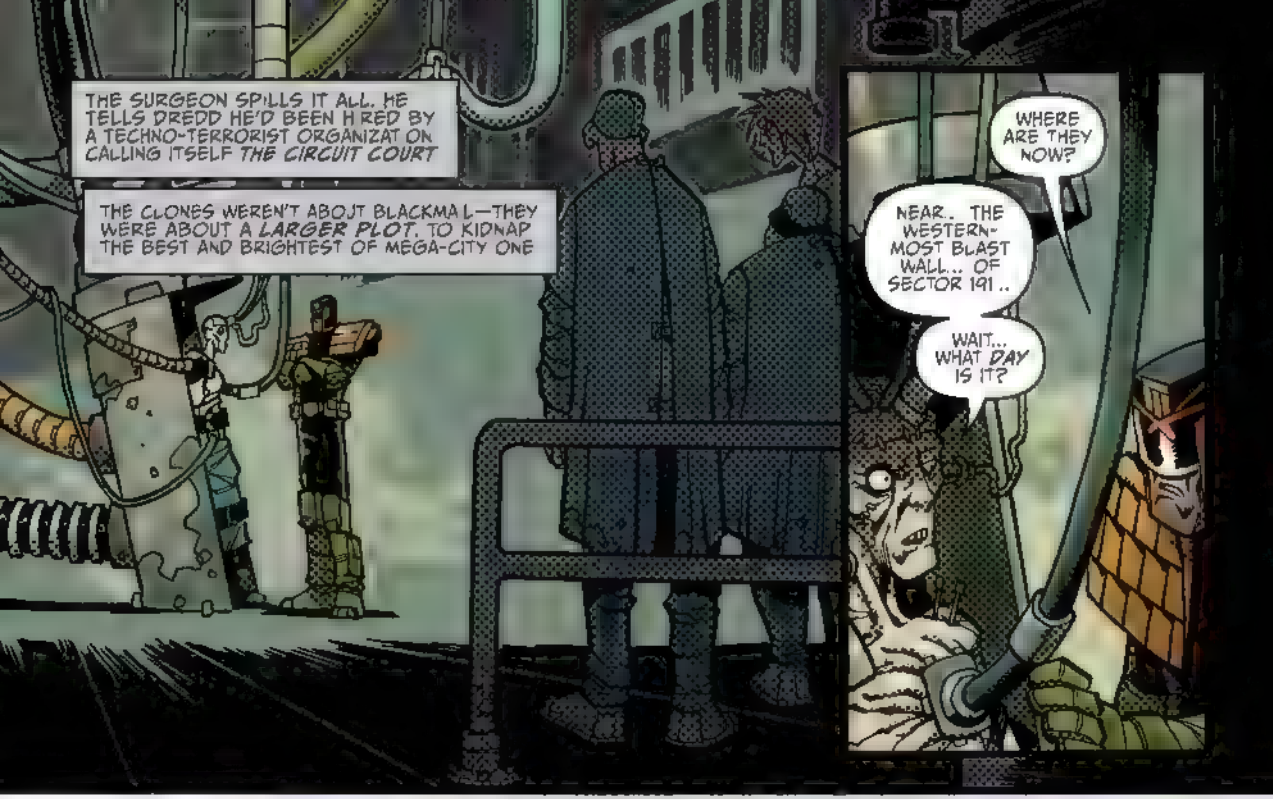

THAT WOULDN'T BE ETHICAL, JUDGE! HE CHOSE TO END HIS SUFFERING.
HE STILL OWES ME A DOZEN LIFE SENTENCES—AND SOME ANSWERS.
REVIVE HIM!
BUT—
WHATEVER IT TAKES!
BRING HIM BACK. NOW.

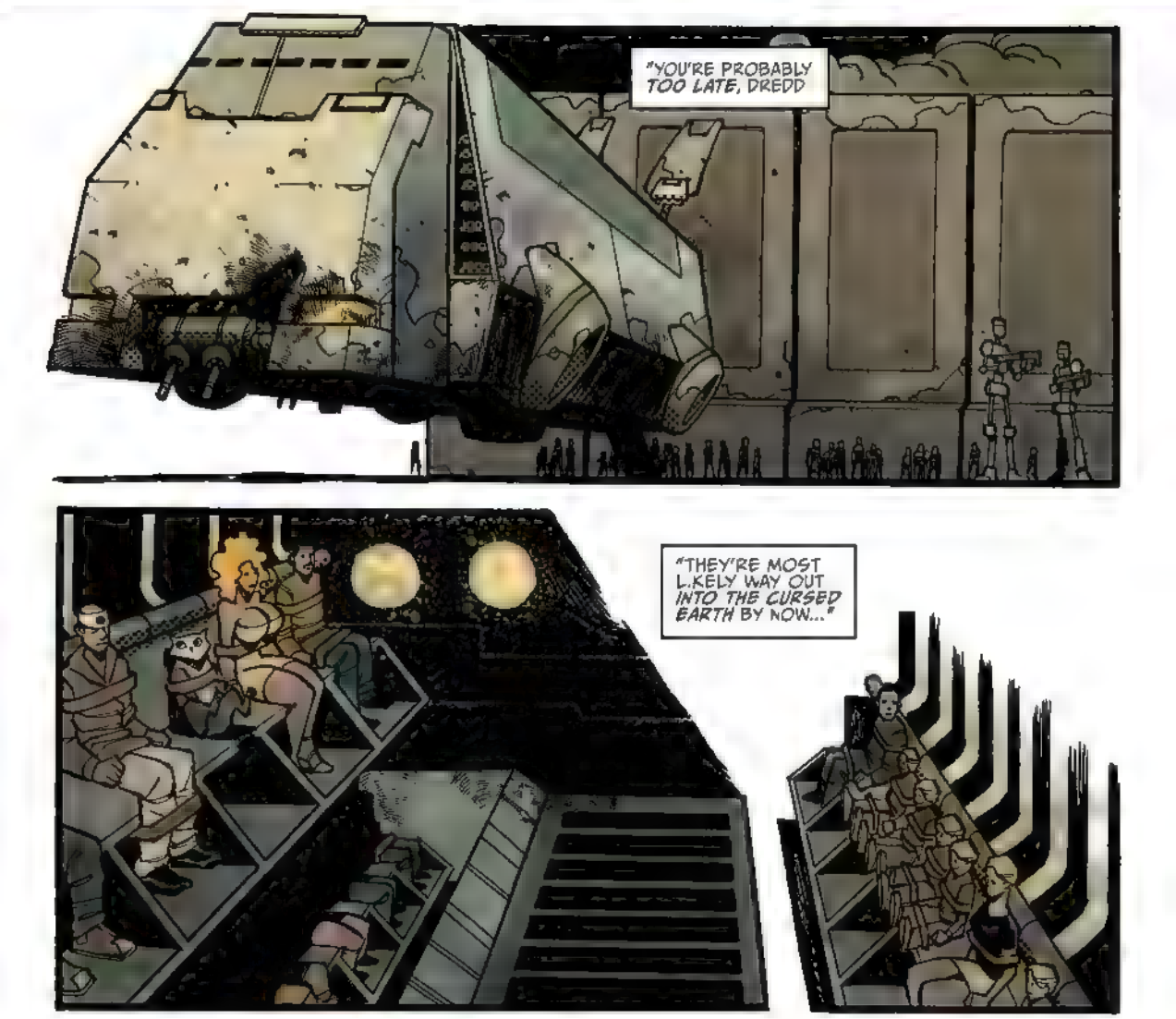

SHUK
SHUK
SHUK
SHUK
SHUK
HSSSSSS
KA-JONK
KA-JONK
KA-JONK
KA-JONK
SPING
SWITCH
SWITCH
SWITCH
SWITCH
GLORP
MEEMAW... IZZAT YOU...
OH, NO!
FOR THE LOVE OF GRJD, WHY AM I STILL HERE?
KLIK
STOMA!
BRING HIM BACK AGAIN!

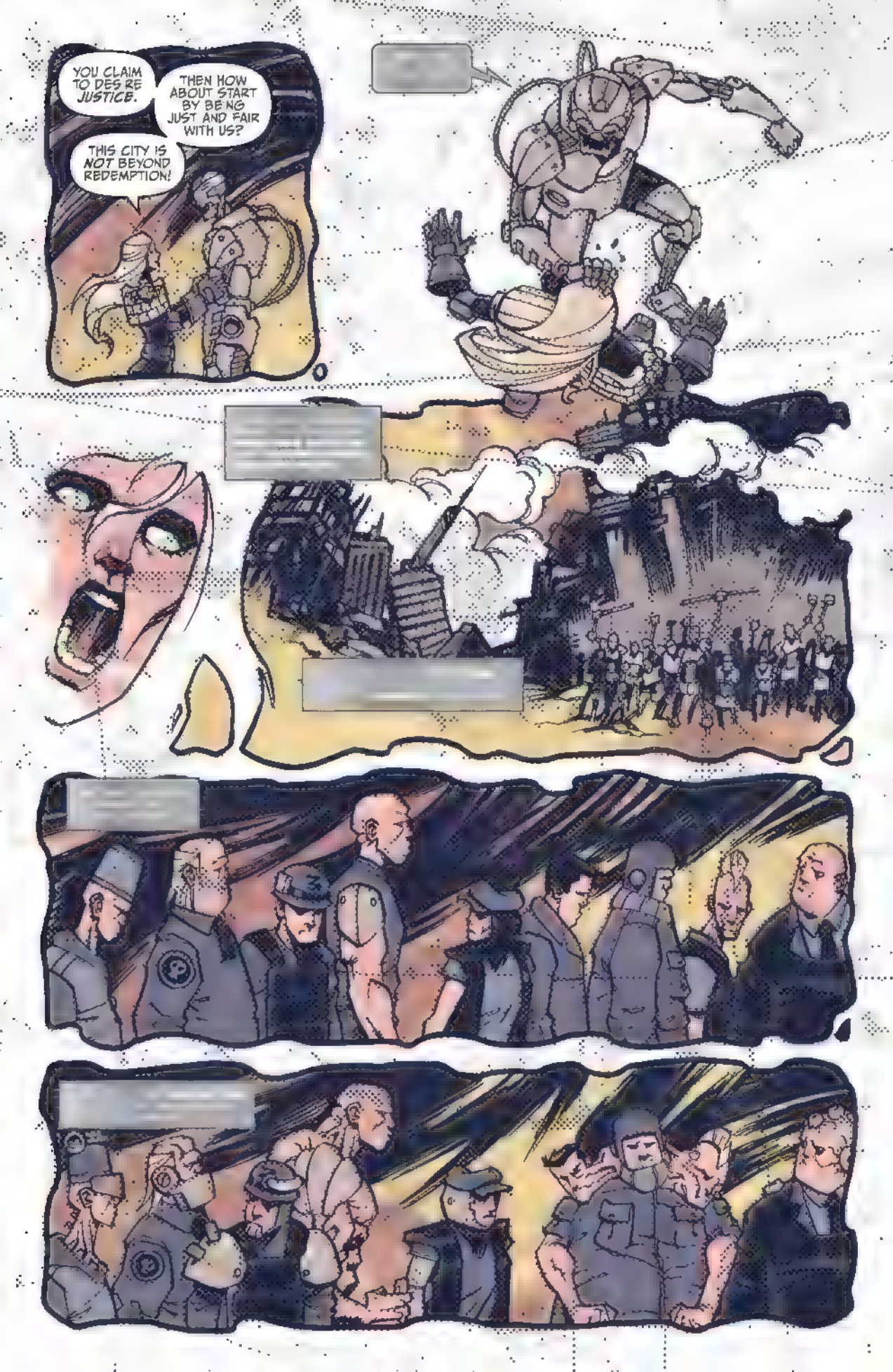
THE ISO-CUBE MEDICS FRANTICALLY PUSH INTO THE UNCHARTED TERRITORIES OF RESUSCITATIVE MEDICINE.
THE MEDICS AREN'T EVEN SURE WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS LEGAL.. BUT IT MUST BE, RIGHT? BECAUSE A JUDGE IS ORDERING IT?
THEY'RE NOT EVEN SURE WHERE EVERYTHING GOES. THEY OPERATE BY BLIND INSTINCT.
BUT IN THE END..
NOW... YOU READY TO TALK?

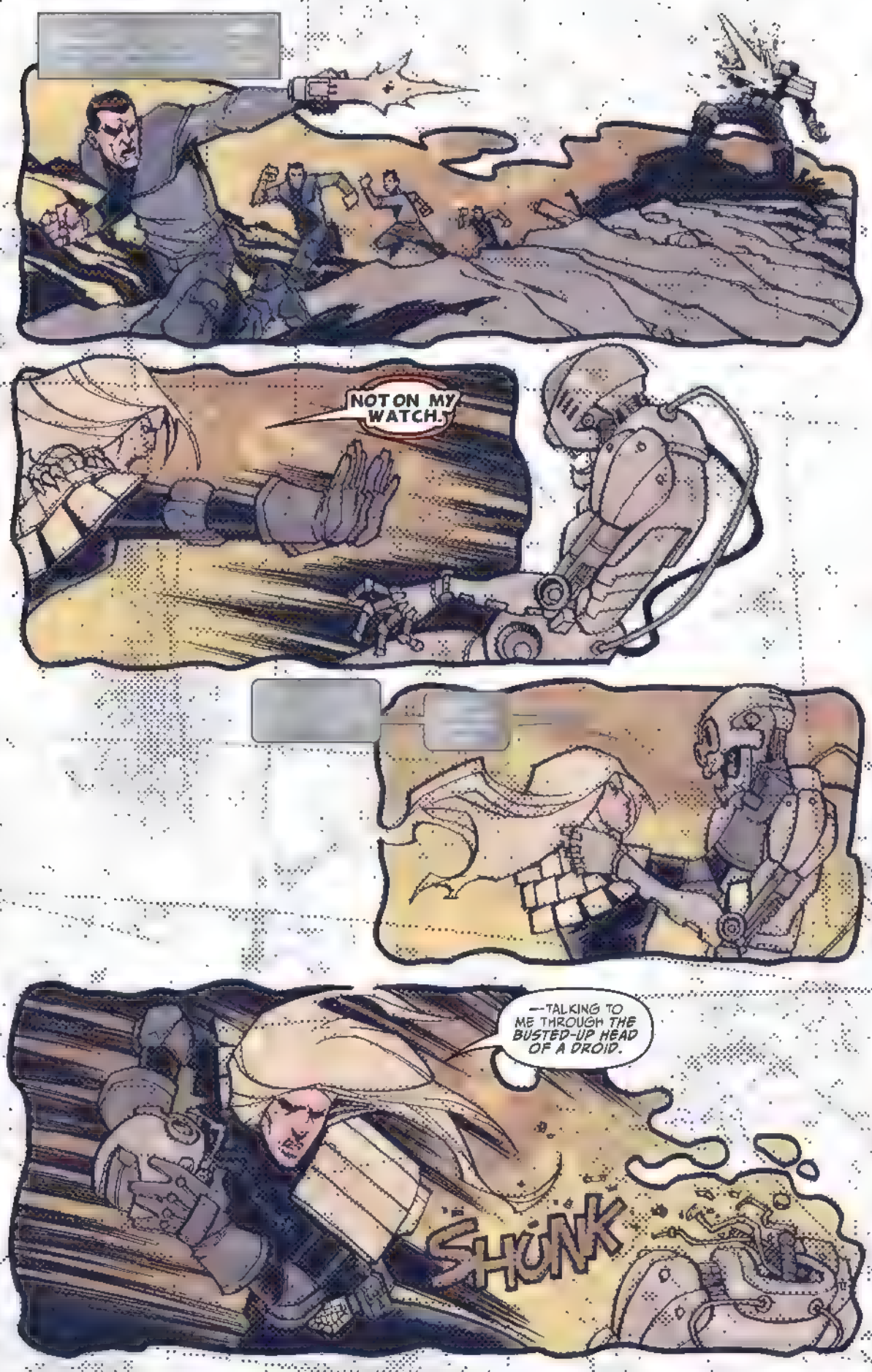

WHERE ARE WE?
MEGA-CITY ONE. THE GOOD-BAD OLD DAYS.
THINGS WERE HARSHER THEN, SURE. AND PLENTY WILDER. BUT ALSO MUCH SIMPLER.
FOLKS WERE SO GRATEFUL FOR LAW AND ORDER AND SHELTER THAT THEY TRUSTED US.
YOU FORGET THAT I HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR PERSONNEL FILES, MYERS.
YOU WEREN'T AROUND DURING THESE SO-CALLED EARLY DAYS. THE OLD CITIES DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THIS. .
...ANNND I'M SPEAKING TO THE CIRCUIT COURT, AREN'T I?

OH, GRUD...
I THINK WE'VE JUST ACCIDENTALLY CREATED THE FIRST IMMORTAL BEING!
DROKK... WHY CAN'T I KILL MYSELF?
TELL ME ABOUT THE CLONES.
OR WHAT? YOU'LL BEAT ME TO DEATH?
I CAN'T BE KILLED, REMEMBER?
SOMEDAY, DREDD, I'LL ENJOY AIMING MY WASTE TUBES OVER THE GENERAL VICINITY OF YOUR GRAVE.
KLIK KLIK KLIK
YOU'RE RIGHT. I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO EXECUTE YOU.
BUT I CAN ARRANGE IT SO THAT YOU'RE PUT BACK INTO THE ISO-CUBES, FULLY CONSCIOUS, UNABLE TO DIE, STARING AT A BLANK WALL...
...FOREVER


THE SURGEON SPILLS IT ALL. HE TELLS DREDD HE'D BEEN H RED BY A TECHNO-TERRORIST ORGANIZAT ON CALLING ITSELF *THE CIRCUIT COURT*
THE CLONES WEREN'T ABOJT BLACKMA L—THEY WERE ABOUT A *LARGER PLOT*. TO KIDNAP THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF MEGA-CITY ONE
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
NEAR.. THE WESTERN-MOST BLAST WALL.. OF SECTOR 191..
WAIT... WHAT *DAY* IS IT?

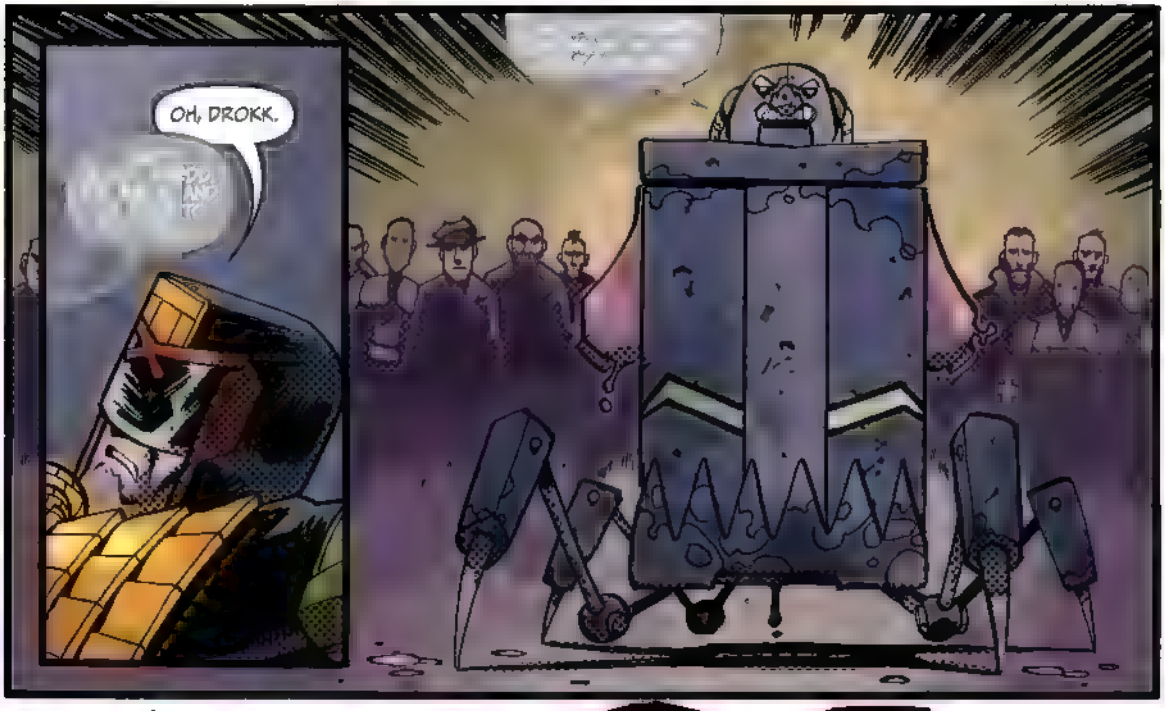

"YOU'RE PROBABLY *TOO LATE*, DREDD
"THEY'RE MOST L.KELY WAY OUT *INTO THE CURSED EARTH* BY NOW..."


YOU CLAIM TO DES RE JUSTICE.
THEN HOW ABOUT START BY BE NG JUST AND FAIR WITH US?
THIS CITY IS NOT BEYOND REDEMPTION!

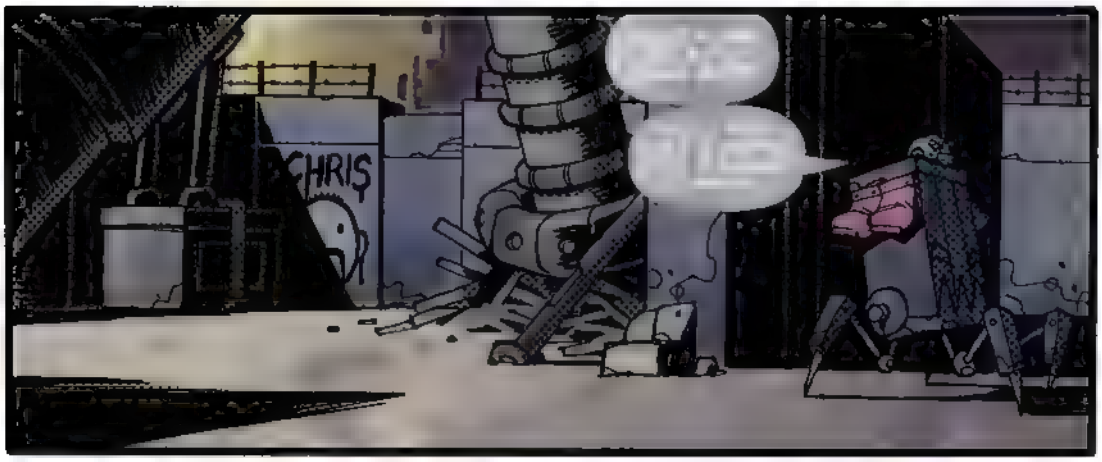

NOT ON MY WATCH.
—TALKING TO ME THROUGH THE BUSTED-UP HEAD OF A DROID.
SHUNK

GOODBYE, JUDGE MYERS.
POP-ZZZZT
DREDD— ARE YOU OUT THERE?
THINGS ARE A LOT WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT
I'VE GOT A LOCATION ON THE HOSTAGES. SHUFF HUFFS
HEADED THERE NOW.
HOSTAGES
OH, STOMM—
I'LL MEET YOU THERE

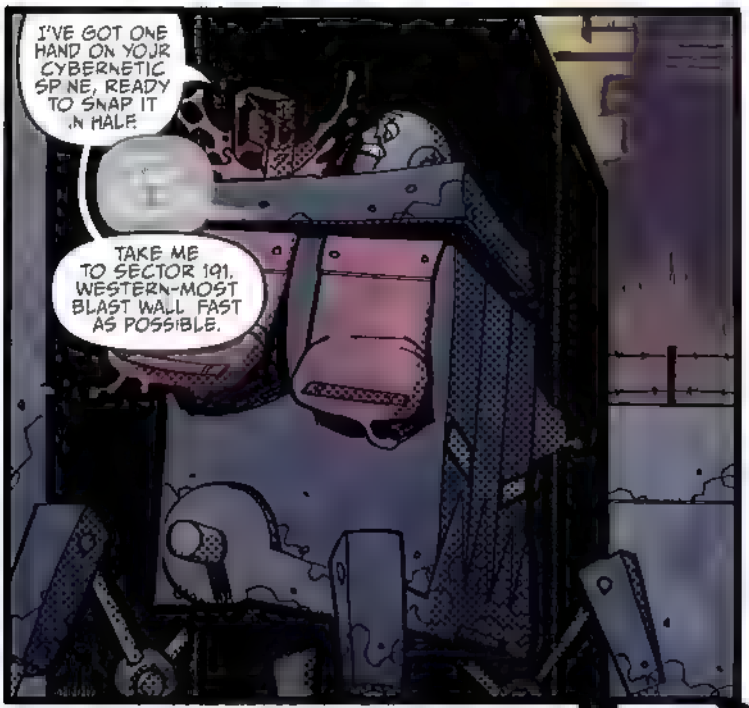
TH-WOOK
MOVE IT ALONG!
35

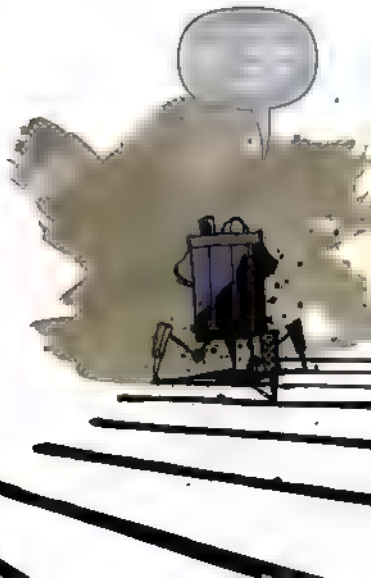

OH, DROKK.

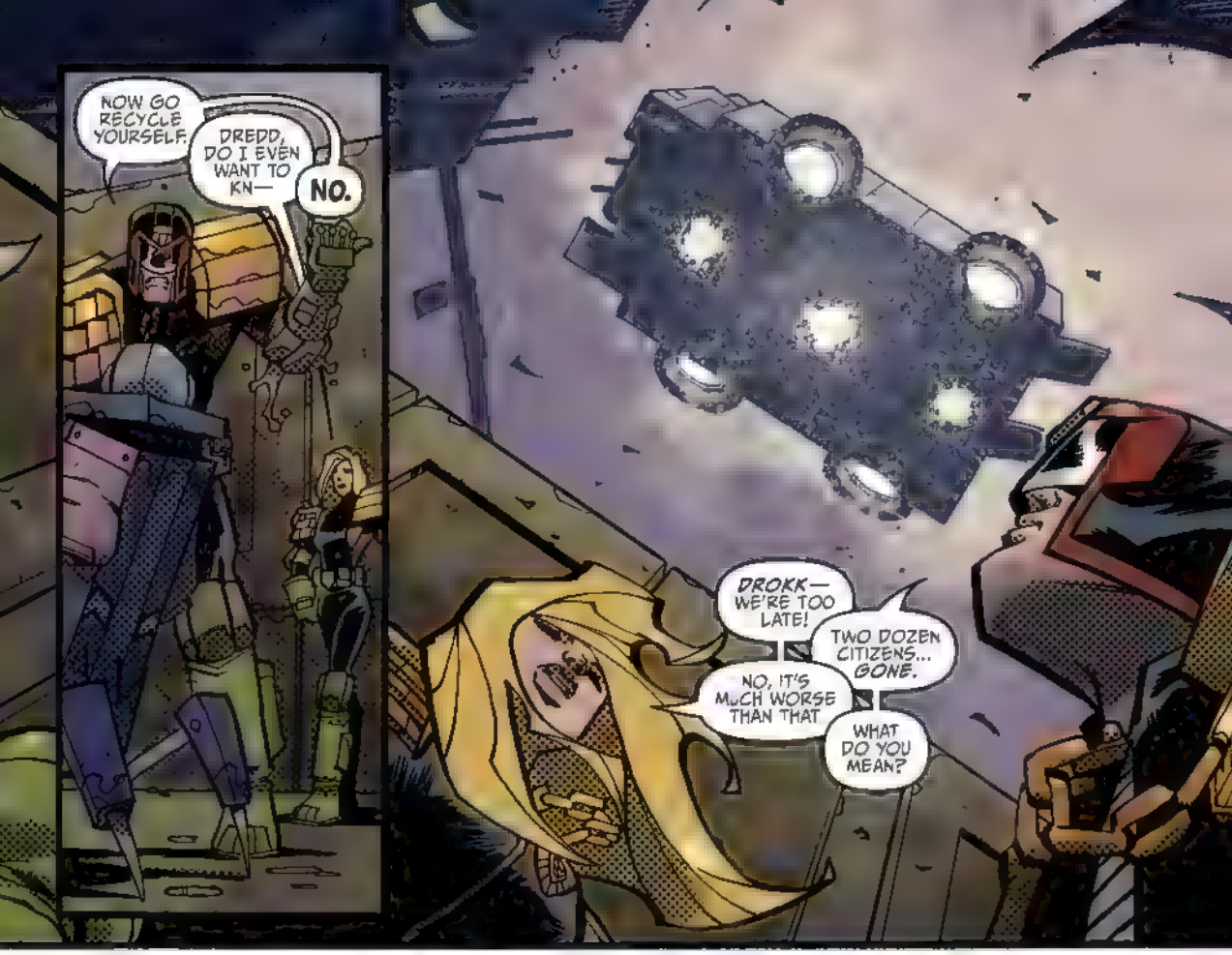
GLORP

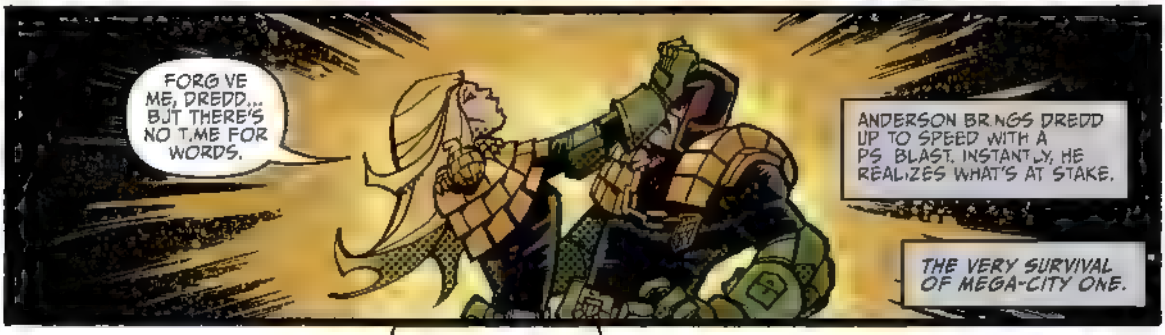

CHRIS

CRUNK


I'VE GOT ONE HAND ON YOJR CYBERNETIC SP NE, READY TO SNAP IT IN HALF.
TAKE ME TO SECTOR 191. WESTERN-MOST BLAST WALL FAST AS POSSIBLE.

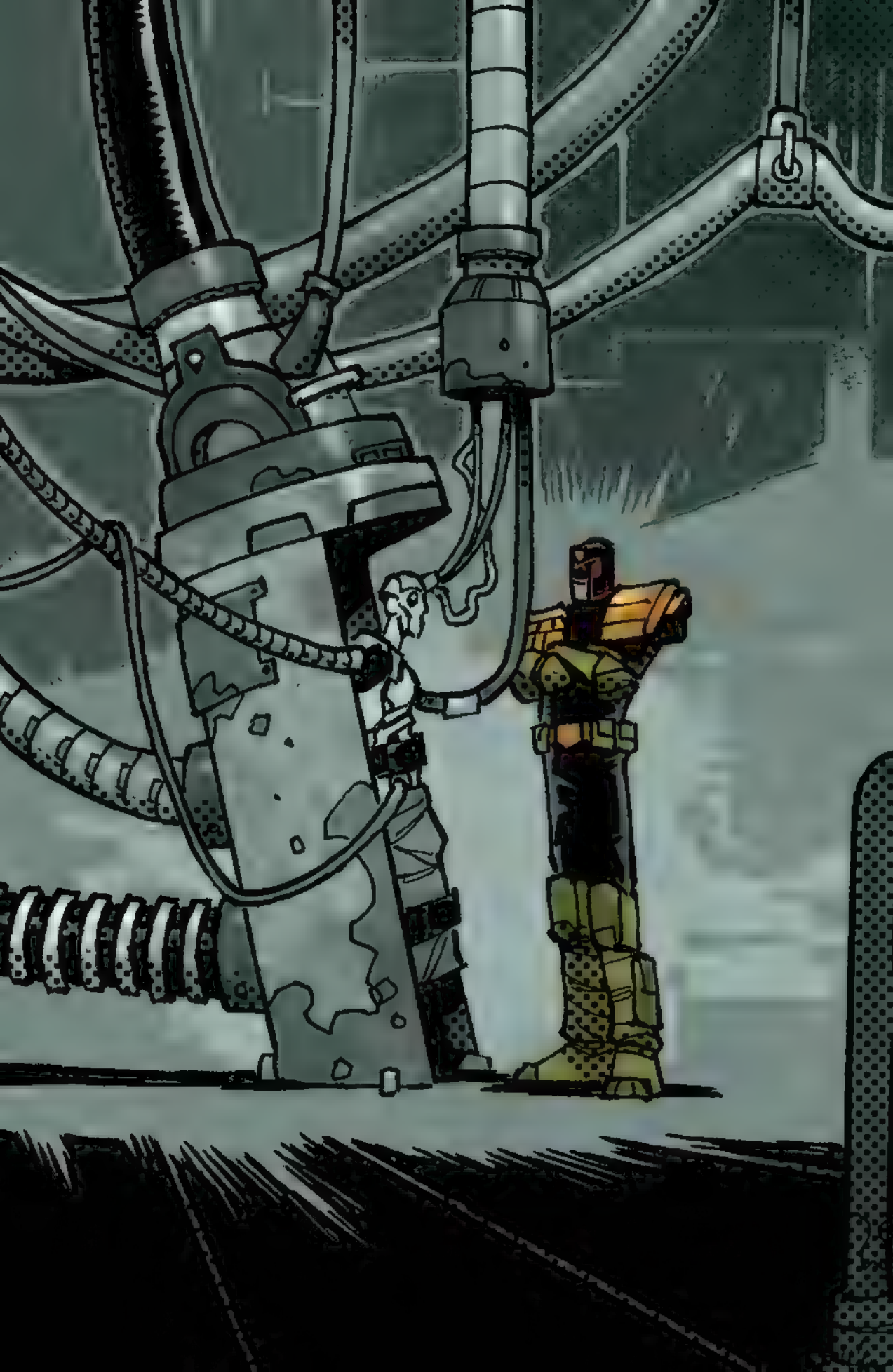



NOW GO RECYCLE YOURSELF.
DREDD, DO I EVEN WANT TO KN—
NO.
DROKK— WE'RE TOO LATE!
TWO DOZEN CITIZENS... GONE.
NO, IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN THAT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


FORGIVE ME, DREDD... BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR WORDS.
ANDERSON BRINGS DREDD UP TO SPEED WITH A PSI BLAST. INSTANTLY, HE REALIZES WHAT'S AT STAKE.
THE VERY SURVIVAL OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

THERE WILL BE NO WAY TO STOP THE LONG FALL WITHOUT BRINGING THE CIRCUIT COURT TO JUSTICE.
I NEED TO FOLLOW THEM INTO THE CURSED EARTH.
WITHOUT A LAWMASTER OR LAWGIVER? THAT'S SUICIDE!
I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER OPTIONS—DO YOU, ANDERSON?

I'LL STAY IN TOUCH AS LONG AS I CAN
THE RADIATION SHOU DN'T AFFE MY PSI ABI IES FR A F MILES Y T
DREDD
CAN YOU HEAR ME
NEXT
INTO THE CURSED EARTH!



ART BY HOWARD CHAYKIN ★ COLORS BY ABURTOV

"Into the Cursed Earth!"
CHAPTER 0
SCRIPT BRAIN: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
ART, BRAIN: ANTONIO FUSO
COLOR BRAIN: TOM D'LONG
THEY CALL ME DANNN.
WHEN I RETURN FROM MY HUNTING TRIP I AM GREETED WITH A GLIMPSE OF BAD CRAZY HORRROR.
MY CAMP—DESTROYED.
MY PARTNER—DEAD.
OUR LOVER—MISSSING.
A MUTIE ALWAYS HAS AT LEAST TWO CHOICES AND THEN ONE HE HASN'T THOUGHT OF YET.
MY EYES, THOUGH, SEE ALL POSS BLE OUTCOMES...

...THE BADD.
THE WORSE.
AND THE JES' PLAIN WEIRD.
ONLY A FOOL WOULD PURSUE THEIR BADD OR WORSE FUTURES
SO I ALWAYS FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF MY THIRD EYE. IT'S KEPT ME ALIVE SO FARR.

DON'T L KE IRRADIATED POSSUM BLOOD MJCH, BUT WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO?
IT A.N'T THE BLOOD, THOUGH IT'S THE SMOKE ATTRACTS THE BANDITTS.
SOON THEY WANDER BACK TO SEE WHO THEY MISSSED.
JSUALLY MY THIRD EYE G.VES ME THE UPPPER HAND .N A SITUATION L.KE THIS
BUT THEY SLASHED THAT STRAIGHTAWAY.

THE FIGHT GOES FROMM YOU-KNOW-WHAT...
. TO YOU KNOW WHAT
AND EVEN WORSE, I SEE MY LOVER'S STILLL THE CAPTIVE OF THESE BASTID BANDITS
I WAS DOWN TO TWO CHOICES NOW.
D E IN BATTTLE AS MY LOVER WATCHED.
OR SOME OTHER MURKY FUTURE. ONE THAT WASN'T THAT CLEAR ALL OF A SUDDDEN
BUT WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN DYIN' IN BATTTLE?

I GO FOR IT— THE ONLY OPTION I GOT LEFT.
ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT'S LIKE ALL OF MY SKIN IS LIT UP LIKE HELLFIRE.
SOMETHIN' SQUIRMMMING BENEATH ALL THE MUSCLE AND BONE...
...MUSTA BEEN SOMETHIN' IN THAT POSSUM BLOOD...
GAH!
DEVILTRY!
...BECAUSE ALL AT ONCE...
...I SEE.
OH, DO I SEE.

THE BADD.
THE WORSE.
THE WORSE STILLL...
THE EVEN WORSE THAN THAT...
SO ON AND SO ON...
FOREVER AND EVER...
ET CETERA ET CETERA...
...MAY GRUD HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL.
END

JUDGE DREDD®

IN "THE LONG FAIL," BY **DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI** AND **NELSON DANIEL**, TECHNOLOGY IS FAILING ALL OVER MEGA-CITY ONE, CAUSING BLACKOUTS, EXPLOSIONS, RADIATION LEAKS, AND OTHER NASTY SURPRISES. AS THE CITY SPIRALS INTO CHAOS JUDGE DREDD MUST FIGHT BACK WITH NO WEAPON, NO RIDE, AND NO BACKUP.

ALSO INCLUDES FOUR BACKUP STORIES WITH ART BY **DAVID WILLIAMS**, **ANDREW CURRIE**, **JIMBO SALGADO**, AND **ANTONIO FUSO**.

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